THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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DAVITT DEFENDS AMERICA.

Trenchant Letter From the Irish Political Leader and Radical Agitator in Reply to Adverse English Opinion.

He Points Out Some Faults of Political Life in This Country, Which, He Says, Are Faults of Popular Liberty.

The following letter appears in the London *Daily Chronicle*:

SIR—Is it not just possible that some injustice is done to both public men and institutions in the United States by a too sweeping condemnation of almost every thing trans-Atlantic that is not so perfect or progressive as everything British? Mr. W. Benn, M. P., is reported as saying that "all politicians (in the States) shared in corruption." Surely this is either a senseless statement or an excess of ordinary English pharisaism. The American Ambassador in London is a politician. So is President Cleveland, General Harrison, Mr. Levi Morton, and scores of other prominent men of the Great Republic. Are all these to be dubbed as "corrupt" because, in a comparatively few instances *some* politicians of the baser kind have traded upon their representative positions? To imagine for a moment that 60,000,000 of people—better educated than any other nation in the world—are openly tolerating universal corruption in all Federal, State and municipal government, is simply assuming that these 60,000,000 are either criminals or fools.

Because New York and Chicago have exhibited, in some instances, gross municipal corruption—corruption, however, invariably followed by the punishment of imprisonment, or of political or social ostracism, meted out to the guilty persons—we are asked to conclude that every city, great and small, in the States stands in need of a Lexow committee and exposure! This is superlative absurdity, seasoned with that amount of ignorance and conceit which makes your English critic impervious to ridicule when he rides the high horse of British superiority. There is nothing hid from public knowledge in America. Every venal political sin of every politician, every "job" or boodle transaction of every corporation, is mercilessly exposed by the most trenchant and remorseless press in the world. It is simply impossible for public wrongdoing to escape detection and denunciation at the hands of this mighty journalistic detective agency which serves the people and the interests of honest government while catering for the biggest newspaper reading nation in existence. In face of these facts, how many more municipalities beyond those referred to, and how many politicians have come before the bar of universal public opinion for condemnation in recent years? Considering the population, extent and diverse nationalities of the United States, I venture to answer "comparatively few." One New York does not make an America, nor do half a dozen political Jabez Balfours convict all the politicians of the Republic as rogues and boodlers.

The "pursuit of this almighty dollar" is, of course, a noted American failing. As Mr. Benn went to the States "to see the sons and daughters of England" attending to their national business there, he is naturally disgusted at finding that they have fallen away from the altruistic standard of the "Manchester school" and the high moral level of British and Anglo-Irish landlordism. There is nothing low or mercenary, mean or grasping, in the pursuit of £ s d in England; neither in the sweating-dens of the East-end of London or in connection with the chain-making of Cradley Heath. Might we not send out a special mission to America from the employers of these and other places in Great Britain with, say, the Most Noble the Marquis of Clanricarde thrown in as a moral make-weight, just to teach "England's sons and daughters" how to make money in accordance with the principles of the Property Defence League?

Such a mission would find some things connected with the affairs of the great Republic which would excite additional English pity and sermonizing. It would be found that American workingmen do not allow their sisters, daughters or wives to act as barmaids in saloons or in similar places. The reactionary opinion of the States is dead against this (English) system of pursuing the almighty dollar by methods which too often make the comely drinkseller's wage-earning the prelude to a life of misery and shame. It would be found too that these universally corrupt municipal, State and Federal institutions favor the employment of women in almost all branches of such public services, while in every other respect the women of America enjoy a protection through the unwritten law of native courtesy and the actual law of the land, which an enlightened wife-beating England might strive to emulate without risking too much injury to old and cherished customs.

The faults of American public life are those of popular liberty. There are 12,000,000 voters in a population of some 60,000,000 of people. If wrongs exist or scandals obtain, it is the people themselves who are to blame for allowing those abuses to continue. If trusts bribe congressmen, it is the people who elect such venal law makers. If judges or magistrates do not hold the scales of justice evenly, it is a popular selection of these administrators of the law which stands condemned. But it is well to bear in mind that if these things are as frequently done as English critics allege (and I deny the proposition) it is popular government, manhood suffrage, and the rest which are accused rather than the American people, for are not they, the 60,000,000 of them, "the sons and daughters of England?"

Granted, however, that American public men and institutions have a liberal share of human and political frailty to answer for—at home—how stands the case in external matters? They are not conquerors. They do not go with the Bible to Africa to preach the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" and then, in exchange for this teaching, steal the country from the "blood-thirsty savages" who dared to resist this little Christian transaction. American government may be all it is alleged by some Englishmen to be; but it does not govern 200,000,000 of people, one-fourth of whom exist on an average income of 40 rupees a year, out of which they have to pay a tax on their salt for the blessings of that British rule which it is their proud privilege to live under. Possibly the scandal of the Lexow committee, the sins of Chicago, and the evil doings of a few politicians may appear to American public opinion comparative small crimes alongside of the records of England's doings in India, Ireland and elsewhere.

With reference to labor in the United States, much can be said and has been said that is misleading. The chief obstacle in the path of trade union organization and progress is the existence of a constantly growing mass of European cheap labor which is thrown into the scale against American workingmen. If English trade unionists had to encounter impediments of this nature and extent, there would be less progress made than is now boasted of. If the States are behind England in the legal protection of workers' interests, it is due to the circumstances peculiar to the ignorance and political incapacity of the foreign elements which figure so largely in the ranks of American labor, and not to the want of able labor leadership. I question whether any country having a labor movement can boast of abler or cleaner-handed labor leaders than Terence Powderly, Samuel Gompers or John McBride; three workingmen who have done more to advance the labor cause of the United States than any three names in any other country can be credited with performing for their compatriot workers.

Let us by all means help the labor cause in America and elsewhere by friendly advice and active sympathy. Work of this kind will bless them who give as well as those who receive; but I venture to think that a too sweeping denunciation of everything American, on a too slight acquaintance with that immense country and its people, is a "how not to do it" method of bringing about an international feeling of labor brotherhood. Englishmen should occasionally remember the modest protest of "Hosea Biglow:"

Of all the sarse that I can call to mind,
England *does* make the most onpleasant kind,
It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the saint;
What's good's all English, all that isn't, ain't.

* * * * * *

She is all that's honest, nonnable and fair,
And when the Vartoos died they made her heir.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

Desperate Battle with an Apache Indian.

When within a few feet of where I stood, the stalwart savage, his eyes gleaming with hatred, lifted his knife and sprung towards me. I leaped forward to meet him and succeeded in grasping the hand which held the weapon, and with a grip like a vise held to it. He clinched with me, and a terrible struggle ensued. We fell to the ground and rolled over and over in our desperate struggle for the supremacy, yet I clung to his wrist, for my life depended on preventing him from using the knife. In our struggle I noted that we were nearing the brink of the precipice, and I hoped we would go over, for death in that manner was preferable to being slaughtered by a savage hand, and there was keen satisfaction in the thought that my enemy would die with me. Nearer and nearer we rolled in our fearful struggle for the mastery, I endeavoring to roll over the brink, he to prevent it, until at last, to my great satisfaction, I felt the edge of the cliff begin to crumble beneath me, and down we went.

We struck the bottom heavily, and to my astonishment neither of us seemed to be greatly injured. I fell almost underneath him, and in a moment he succeeded in getting me on my back and sat astride of my prostrate form. He had dropped his knife in our fall, and seizing me by the long hair near each ear, began to beat my head against the ground in an endeavor to stun me into insensibility.

Thump! thump! thump! my head was beaten against the ground, and an angry voice greeted my ears.

"I'll teach you to grab me that way and choke me half to death (thump! thump!) and then roll out of bed with me. (Thump! thump!) What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

It was my wife. She sat astride of me, and at almost every word gave my head a thump against the carpeted floor of our bedroom.

It was all a hideous dream. In my desperation I had seized her, and we had a terrible struggle, finally falling out of bed upon the floor—*Captain Jack Crawford, "the Poet Scout," in Home and Country for February.*

FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of Ireland's Noted Writers of the Present Day.

Rosa Mulholland, Whose Literary Fame is Known Throughout the World.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

The fame of Mrs. John T. Gilbert, or as she is better known to the literary world, Rosa Mulholland, is, in this country, due chiefly to the novels she has written and which have appeared in serial form in many of our weekly papers. One of them, "The Fair Emigrant," attracted considerable attention and is regarded by many as her greatest success, while the "Wild Birds of Killevy" in the minds of many others is given that honor. Rosa Mulholland was the daughter of a Belfast physician, Dr. Joseph S. Mulholland, and is a native of that northern city. She began to write for *All the Year Round* and *Household Words*, under Dickens' editorship, and some of her tales ran through those periodicals. She also wrote verse for the first named magazine. More of her poetical work has appeared in the *Irish Monthly* than in any other periodical.

Her first poem, entitled "Irene," appeared in *Cornhill* over the pseudonym of "Ruth Millas," and was illustrated by Millais, the artist. Her stories have all been of a high degree of merit, and their popularity has extended over the entire English-speaking world. Besides the two above mentioned she has given several other popular works to the world. "Marcella Grace," is well known, as are her tales for children: "Hetty Gray," "Gianetta," "Four Little Mischiefs," and is now coming forward with a new volume entitled "Banshee Castle," published by Blackie & Son of London, and imported by Charles Scribner's Son's, New York.

Many of Mrs. Gilbert's poems appeared in the *Lamp* and in the *Irish Monthly* during the 'Seventies. One of the sweetest of her poems is that on "St. Brigid."

'Mid dewey pastures girdled with blue air,
Where ruddy kine the limped waters drink,
Through violet-purpled woods of green Kildare,
'Neath rainbow skies, by tinkling rivulet's brink,
O Brigid, young, thy tender snow-white feet
In days of old, on breezy morns and eves
Wandered through labyrinths of sun and shade.
Thy face so innocent-sweet
Shining with love that neither joys nor grieves,
Save as the angels, meek and holy maid.
With white fire in thy hand that burned no man
But cleansed and warmed where'er its ray might fall,
Nor ever wasted low nor needed fan.
Thou walk'dst at even among the oak trees tall.
There thou did'st chant thy vespers while each star
Grew brighter listening through the leafy screen.
Then ceased the songbird all his love notes soft,
His music near or far,
Hushing his passion mid the sombre green
To let thy peaceful whispers float.

And still from heavenly choirs thou steal'st by night
To tell sweet Aves in the woods unseen.
To tend the shrine lamps with thy flambeau white
And set thy tender footprints in the green.
Thus sing our birds with holy note and pure
As tho' the love of angels were their theme;
Thus burn to throbbing flame our sacred fires
With heats that still endure;
Thence hath our daffodil its golden gleam,
From thy mindfulness that never tires!

Mrs. Gilbert's latest novel, "Banshee Castle," is a story of Irish life beautifully written, and although intended mainly for the younger class of readers, can be read with interest by the older ones. The plot of the tale revolves around three young girls who have been brought up in the great English metropolis, but inheriting an estate in the county Galway, remove to that place and take possession of the ancient and historic Banshee Castle. Irish peasant life is brought in incidental to the story and several very beautiful fairy tales are retailed in the rustic gatherings, with genuine Irish wit and humor. There is no explanation in the story of the reason why Mrs. Gilbert so completely transplants a well known Ulster family, the Tyrowens, to the county Galway; but as this is in nowise affects the interest in the tale, our young people will pass over the mistake. No purer tale could be placed before young people than "Banshee Castle." The pictures drawn of Irish life are natural and true to life and each of the characters of the three sisters in the story are models in their way, the whole tone of the book being of a high character and very wholesome in moral.

Some excellent poems adorn the chapters of the work, several of which are supposed to have been composed by one of the young misses, who has a taste for poetry. The following, "Bird of Love," is quite a pretty lyric:

Bird of Love with the golden mouth,
Why did you build your nest so low,
In the pleached alley looking south,
To the sunflowers standing all in a row,
Out in the sunshine, all in a row.

The shade was sweet with its green delights,
Moss on the boughs and moss on the ground;
The swallow passed you in dipping flights;
The strong rose-briar wrapped you around
Like a strong arm hold, round and round.

You sang in the midsummer night when dawn
Dreamed and waked in the saffron skies,
Of summers to come and of summers gone
That fled as Time, who is winged, flies;
As Time, like a blackbird, flies and flies.

You sang to your mate, "Sweetheart! sweetheart!"
Till she thrilled with rapture to hear you sing;
And whispered her joy with a tender art
To the blue eggs stirring under her wing,
The warm eggs throbbing under her wing.

"I love you, love, till the summer is done,
O loving, true, dark-bosomed mate!"
You sang till the deep boughs swung and the sun
Came up through the lime-tree's royal gate,
Marched through the branched, wide-open gate.
All you told as you sang to your love
Of passionate joy that a bird can know—
Till the hawk dropped out of the boughs above;
Why did you build your nest so low,
In the pleached alley, so low, so low?

Dympna, the poetess of the family, has sent a number of her effusions to different magazines, which promptly returned all save one; this is the one accepted:

Amid seas, about midnight, a moon with golden rings
Grew in the clouds and bathed us in a glory saffron-white.
The little brown faced cabin-boy watched through the shimmering light
A strange bird follow the flying ship with outstretched level wings.
"'Tis an albatross!" outcried the mate, as he lowered his gun with a smile;
Said a sailor, "'Tis only a petrel that has followed us many a mile."

Up spoke a sad-faced passenger whose gaze was backward still
Across the tracks we left behind, and said: "A sign of the storm.
A Mother Carey's goose, my men; your shot will work no harm."
Then turned away his face again and backward gazed his fill.
Beyond the bird, beyond the wind, beyond the shimmering skies,
And the anguish of lonesome longings ever deepened within his eyes.

The little brown-faced cabin-boy, they said he could see the wind
And hear the phantom ships go by, and whisper of ghosts by sea;
"It is a woman's faithful heart that goes with us," said he;
And though our sails fly ne'er so fast we leave her not behind.
No storm will ever drive her back, nor gun-shot break her wing."
Then rose the gale as our straining ship rode into the moon's red ring.

"Banshee Castle" with its many different phases of life, its highly imaginative and well told fairy tales will no doubt enjoy a lasting popularity as it well deserves. No better book could be placed in the hands of the young people.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

The Philo-Celtic Association meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at Room 35, City Hall, for the study of the Irish language. Persons desirous of commencing its study may join at any time. All necessary books may be obtained from the librarian, Mr. William Raleigh, at the classrooms or at his residence, No. 735 Canal street. Competent teachers are provided. No charge is made for tuition, and the only expense attending membership is the payment of the small monthly fee of ten cents to meet expenses for printing, postage, etc. No one connected with the association is in receipt of any salary, fee or emolument of any kind; the teachers give their services entirely for love of the language and the desire for its revival and perpetuation. Visitors and the public generally are at all times welcome.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

"THE LEINSTER TRIBUTE."

Mr. T. O'Neill Russell Lectures Before a Large and Appreciative Audience in Dublin.

He Talks at Considerable Length on the Historic Province of the Tribute.

A lecture on the subject of the "Leinster Tribute" was delivered on Monday evening, Jan. 7, in the Irish Literary Society's rooms, No. 6 College Green, by Mr. T. O. Russell. The learned lecturer, in the course of his remarks, which were listened to with much attention, said:

Leinster is certainly the most historic of the Irish provinces. There are many causes for this. First among them may be the fact of the existence of the Book of Leinster—the greatest repertory of ancient and mediæval history, legend, annals, and song possessed in one volume by any nation in Europe, or perhaps in the world. It very naturally treats more fully of things appertaining to Leinster than do any others of our old MSS. It was compiled mostly from much older MSS between the years 1100 and 1160. It is the most important and precious, although not the most ancient, MS of that once colossal literature of ancient Ireland, of which we now possess only an insignificant remnant. But there were other things besides the Book of Leinster that tended to make Leinster famous and historic. It was the province in which the greater part of the Scandinavian invaders and Anglo-French adventurers landed; it was the last of the Irish provinces that possessed a king—a king who was one *de facto* and *de jure*, namely, Art MacMurrough, who died in the year 1418. But above all that tended to make Leinster historic, it was the province of the Tribute.

It is very curious that so few who read Irish history know so comparatively little about the Leinster Tribute. Almost everyone has heard something of Dearvorgil, O'Ruarc's faithless wife, who is generally, but in my opinion erroneously, supposed to have been the cause of the English invasion of Ireland; but not one Irish person in ten has ever heard of Fihir or Dareena, two ladies who, without any guilt on their memories, brought about the most unfortunate and important event that, so far as we can judge, was the prime cause of Ireland's subsequent political misfortunes in general—an event that made probable its conquest by the Danes, and made possible its conquest by the English.

In the first century of the Christian era Tuathal Teachtmhar was over-King of Ireland. He had two beautiful daughters, Fihir and Dareena were their names—fairer it is said in the Book of Leinster, "than the clouds of heaven." The King of Leinster married the elder one, Fihir, for it appears to have been the custom in high life in ancient Ireland that the elder sisters should be married before the younger ones. The King of Leinster seems to have soon got tired of Fihir, and after some time went to Tara and told Tuathal that Fihir had died, and that he wished to marry her sister, Dareena. She was given to him, and he took her home with him to his *dun* or court at Rath Imel, which was probably near the Glen in Wicklow, now known as the Glen of Imeal. Soon after Dareena was taken home she met her sister, Fihi, who she had been told was dead. When Fihir saw her sister her shame was so great that she dropped dead, and when Dareena saw her sister dead, she herself died of grief. When Tuathal heard of the death of both his daughters he sent word to the King of Uister, who was foster-father to Dareena, and to the King of Connacht, who was foster-father to Fihir. They marched to the aid of their suzerain. Tuathal, and with an army of 22,000 men, they defeated the forces of the King of Leinster, killed himself, and ravaged the province from Naas to Wexford, and imposed the famous, or rather infamous, tribute on the unfortunate men of Leinster. The Tribute was 15,000 cows, 15,000 sheep, 15,000 pigs, 15,000 silver chains, 15,000 mantles, 15,000 copper cauldrons, and one big cauldron, in which twelve pigs could be boiled at one time whenever there was a big "blow out" or entertainment at Tara. When we consider the fact that ancient Leinster was not nearly so big as the modern province, and was bounded on the northeast by the Liffey at Dublin and by the Brosna in the northwest, thus lacking half the county Dublin and all Louth, Meath, Westmeath, Longford and part of the King's county, which belonged to the province of Meath, and that the tribute was intended to be paid every year, we are struck by the great wealth that must have been in Leinster in ancient times. But the tribute was not paid every year, for the gallant Leinster men very seldom paid it until they had to—that is, until they were defeated in battle. It is amusing to read in the Book of Leinster, in the narrative given about the Tribute, how such and such over-kings got it, but always observing, as a sort of set-off against the indignity of having to pay it, "They didn't get it without a fight." *Nis fuar gan cath.* The Tribute was paid on and off for over five hundred years; it was at length remitted in the seventh century by the over-King Finnachta at the intercession of St. Moling. It is simply appalling to read about the innumerable battles that for more than five hundred years were fought about the Tribute. Its effect was, very naturally, to denationalize Leinster almost entirely, and make its harried inhabitants join the enemies of their country to find relief from the dreadful bondage in which they were. Although the Tribute had been ostensibly remitted before the Danes invaded Ireland, its memories had not vanished; consequently we find the Leinstermen allies of the Danes very soon after they had established themselves in Ireland; and in later times still, goaded by the memories of the Tribute, and the frequent attempts made by the other provinces to re-impose it, we find Leinstermen joining with the English as they had previously joined with the Danes, and fighting under the English Strongbow at Wexford as they had fought under the Danish Sitric at Clontarf.

Thus it was that the Leinster Tribute brought about the political ruin of Ireland by totally denationalizing one of its finest provinces. Much addicted as the ancient Irish were to fighting among themselves, the candid student of Irish history has to admit that, so far as can be gathered from ancient MSS., the Irish lived in comparative peace before the Leinster Tribute came to curse them. It is said in the "Liabhar na L-Uidhre," a manuscript of the highest authority, that during the reign of Connaire Mor, who lived about a century before the imposition of the Leinster Tribute, there was perfect peace in Ireland, although he reigned over fifty years. There is a very curious poem in the Book of Leinster composed by one named Broccan. This poem has not, so far as I know, been translated by anyone but myself, and I am afraid I have translated it very imperfectly. It is a poem in praise of Leinster, and was written in the tenth or eleventh century. There are two lines in it about the way Leinster was harried and ravaged about the Tribute, which, for awfulness and terribleness almost to blasphemy, may be said to be without parallel in the literature of the world. The poet, and he seems to have been a Churchman also, says:

It is beyond the testimony of the Creator—it is beyond the Word of supplicating Christ.
All the kings of the Irish that make attacks on Leinstermen!

Almost every imaginable horror of war that cursed Ireland for over five hundred years may be traced to this abominable Tribute. One horror connected with it is so awful and so unique in Irish history that it has to be mentioned. This is the killing of the women at Tara when Cormac MacArt was chief king, in the year 248 of era. There appears to have been at that time some political or druidic festival at Tara, and, as was always the case in ancient Ireland, wherever there was a great gathering of men there was sure to be a great gathering of women, for women seem to have occupied a high position in ancient Ireland. What the nature of the gathering was I have not been able to find out, but there were thirty royal maidens at it, each one having a hundred female attendants, making it all 3,030 women. Dulaing, the King of Leinster, at the time, by some means of which we are not informed, got to Tara with a body of armed men, burned every building in it, and killed the whole of the 3,030 women. This fact is so often mentioned not only in so many of the manuscripts, but in the Book of Leinster itself, that there cannot be any doubt as to its authenticity. The Leinster men had evidently become maddened to desperation by the Tribute, and were hardly accountable for what they did, but it is easy to see that although having been caused by the odious Tribute, the act was looked on, even by Leinstermen, as a horrible atrocity. Cormac hanged ten of the most prominent of the Leinster chiefs on account of it, and doubled the Tribute the unfortunate province had to pay. It is not told to what parts of Ireland the murdered ladies belonged, but we may be sure that there were no Leinster girls among them.

In a century or a century and a half after the murder of the women at Tara, the Leinstermen seem to have become absolutely desperate, and to have been seized with a war mania which not even the united forces of the over-King and the Kings of the other provinces seem to have been able to resist. The Leinstermen evidently came to the conclusion that it was better to die fighting than to starve and pay the Tribute; so they fought rather than pay it: and under two of their kings, Enna Cinselach and Brasal Beallach, they seem to have licked all Ireland, over-Kings and provincial kings, north, south, and west. But as one man cannot fight four, so in the long run the Leinstermen had to bow their necks and pay the Tribute when they were unable to fight and be victorious.

The most complete and perfect history of the Leinster Tribute we have is in the Book of Leinster. It is a long tract, and takes up twenty-nine columns of that manuscript. It has been recently translated by Mr. Whitley Stokes in the *Revue Celtique* for 1892, and by Mr. S. H. O'Grady in *Silva Gadilica*. The translation by Mr. Stokes is considered to be by far the better one of the two; but both translations are most imperfect, as the poetic or rhymed parts of the tract are not translated at all. The excuse made by Mr. Stokes for not having translated the poetic parts is that they are, for the most part, repetitions of the prose. This is in a measure true; but there are a great many things said in the poetry that are entirely omitted in the prose. There are no less than twenty different short pieces of poetry in this tract, altogether over 600 lines, hardly a line of which has been yet translated and printed. It has to be admitted that the poetic or rhymed parts of this wondrous tale of the "Boramha," or Tribute, are much more difficult to translate than the prose, and they are, it would appear, written in more ancient language; but there surely can be nothing in them that such a master of an-

(CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.)

HUNDREDS DROWN.

Most Terrible Ocean Disaster Since the Victoria Sank.

VICTIMS AROUSED FROM SLUMBER

Only to Meet the Inrushing Flood and Be Swept Back to Die—No Time to Do Anything—Only Three Boats Launched and One of Them Founders Almost Immediately—Heartrending Account Given by One of the Survivors—List of the Saved as Far as Known.

LONDON, Jan. 31.—The sinking of the steamer Elbe, of the North German Lloyd, the most terrible ocean disaster for years except that of the Victoria battleship in the Mediterranean in 1893, took place off Lowestoft about 5:30 a. m. yesterday. She was steaming along at an ordinary speed when through the mist she sighted off her port bow the Crathie, bound from Rotterdam to Aberdeen. Before the collision could be averted the Crathie had run into the Elbe. The North German Lloyd steamer was struck above the engine room and began to fill so rapidly that there was only time to lower three of her boats and one of these was swamped shortly after getting away from the steamer.

Sole Survivors of the Disaster.

The first boat contained the third officer, chief engineer, the purser and about twenty passengers. The occupants of the boat were picked up by a couple of fishing smacks and were taken to Lowestoft, where they have been landed. It has been found difficult to get the officers of the steamship to make any statement until they have communicated with the agents of the Elbe, and the passengers who have been rescued are as yet too excited to tell anything but rambling stories. But from what can be gathered but a very short time must have elapsed between the collision and the sinking of the Elbe.

Like Drowning in a Box.

Nothing is known as to the fate of the occupants of the third boat which was loaded from the Elbe, but it is hoped that they will either be picked up by some passing vessel or else succeed in making a landing on the coast. From what one of the rescued men says the disaster must have been one of the most terrible in the history of such catastrophes. All passengers are understood to have been below and asleep at the time the collision occured, and nearly all of them must have been either drowned below or have met death while seeking to rush upon the deck. The man who furnishes this information was in such an excited state that little more could be gathered from him than exclamations of horror.

No Time to Utter a Prayer.

He repeated time and again: "It was terrible. It was terrible. The poor women and children went down without hardly being able to utter a prayer. It was terrible. The steamship must be full of dead bodies. They were caught like rats in a trap. I can't tell you any more about it. All I know is that I heard a terrible crash, and it was followed by an awful sound of rushing water and escaping steam. It was very dark down below where I was. But somehow I managed to push my way on deck. The ship resounded with heartrending cries from all quarters, although the officers seemed to be doing all they could to calm the people. I saw a lot of sailors making a rush for a boat, and I joined in with them.

Fighting for a Chance for Life.

"Somehow the boat was lowered and I managed to scramble into it, although it seemed to me as if about 100 people were trying to do the same. We pushed some of them away, for it was utterly impossible to load the boat any more and we could see that the Elbe was doomed. She was rolling terribly and settling down on one side in a manner which seemed to threaten turning her over entirely. Somehow or other we got away and a number of people were drowned as they jumped into the sea and swam after us. Of course we could not put back for anybody or we should have been pulled under.

Goes Down, the Tomb of Hundreds.

"Some time later—I can't say how long, for I was too horrified to think—the Elbe gave a fearful lurch sideways and sank with a bursting sound. It seemed to me as if something blew up on board of her as she went down. I don't know what became of the vessel that ran into us. I had a brother on board who was from Germany, like myself. We were on our way to the United States where we have relatives."

OTHER DETAILS OF THE HORROR.

Lists of the Saved and of the Cabin Passengers—Rescue of the Saved.

There is some disagreement among the survivors as to the number of boats that were launched. One survivor, Karl A. Hoffmann, declares that only two boats were launched. One of these was swamped instantly and the only one of its occupants, a girl named Anna Boecker, who was bound for Southampton, was rescued. She clung to a piece of wreckage, which she grasped so tightly that it was only with difficulty that she was dragged into the second boat. She was just returning from the deathbed of her father and mother.

Meanwhile the cry was raised on the doomed vessel for the women and children to go over to the other side of the steamer, away from the port side, in which was the great gaping hole, caused by the Crathie. The half fainting women and terror-stricken children hurried to the starboard side, but they had scarcely reached the boats when the huge vessel lifted her bows high in the air and then slowly and silently sank, stern foremost, beneath the waves, taking with her her human freight.

Barely twenty minutes elapsed between the collision and the sinking of the steamer. A heavy sea was running and the wind, which was from the east southeast, was bitterly cold. The small boat containing the survivors tossed about until 11 o'clock in the morning. The survivors were nearly frozen, having hardly any clothing, and their sufferings were intense. Eventually the fishing smack Wild Flower saw the signals and bore down on the boat. In a short time the survivors were taken aboard of her, where everything possible was done for their comfort.

Following is a correct list of the survivors—Cabin passengers: Karl Hoffman, Eugene Schlegel, John Verera, Anna Boecker, Between Deck Passenger Bothen, Chief Engineer A. Neusfell, Third Officer Stolliberg, Purser Wester, Herr Dehart (a Bremerhaven pilot), Robert Grennham (an English pilot), and ten of the crew.

Number of Lost on the Elbe.

BREMEN, Feb. 5.—The number of persons drowned through the foundering of the Elbe, according to the official statement of the North German Lloyd Steamship company, is 335. The crew numbered 155 persons, including four postmen and two pilots; of this number fifteen were saved. In the saloon cabins there were forty-nine passengers, of whom four were saved. The steerage contained 151, passengers, of which number only one was saved.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Proceedings of the National Lawmakers in Both Houses.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—The senate adopted comprehensive resolutions calling for information of all sorts as to the financial condition of the country. Peffer offered a resolution to refer to a special election in October next the question of what to do financially. The balance of the day was devoted to the District appropriation bill. During the debate the Republicans declared that the appropriations this session would run over $1,000,000,000.

The house passed the bills to regulate navigation on inland waters and for the relief of the First State bank, of Mound City, Ills. The Pacific railways refunding bill was then debated in committee of the whole.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The financial question again came before the senate and Teller made a speech to give the suggestive warning that he would see to it that so far as the present session of congress was concerned there should be no "hasty or weak" legislation on the plan of the "rider." The most of the day was devoted to the District appropriation bill without completing it. The conference report on the navy bill was agreed to.

The personal encounter between Breckinridge of Kentucky and Heard of Missouri overshadowed in importance all else that occurred in the house. Heard called Breckinridge a liar and it was with difficulty that the two were kept apart. Before adjournment peace was made and they shook hands. An hour was devoted to debate on the Pacific railroad bill, a resolution was adopted calling on the president for all information regarding the alleged aid furnished Hawaiian natives by representatives of the British government and the remainder of the day was consumed by the District of Columbia committee.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—The senate spent the day on the District appropriation bill and made good progress. McPherson will move today to discharge the finance committee from further consideration of the current financial question, in order to bring the question directly before the senate. An executive session was held.

The house passed the bill to revive the rank of lieutenant general in the army, the object being to authorize the promotion of Gen. Schofield to that rank. The Pacific railways funding bill was amended so as to make the interest on the debt due the government 3 per cent., and also so as to prevent dividends to stockholders until the government debt was discharged. Boatner then moved to recommit the bill, and on an aye and nay vote it was adopted—177 to 108. This practically kills the bill.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Secretary Carlisle sent to the senate a statement that there would be a surplus at the end of this year of $22,500,000, after paying off last year's deficit. The credentials of Senator Nelson, from Minnesota, were presented. The house bill for a military park at Gettysburg was passed; also the bill to regulate navigation on the lakes. The District appropriation bill consumed the balance of the day.

The house adopted the conference reports on the fortifications and army appropriations. A special order was carried for debate on the currency bill today, tomorrow and Thursday. The omnibus war claims bill was defeated, and the agricultural appropriation passed. More Hawaiian correspondence was laid before the house. Hall of Missouri characterized a statement of Hatch as a falsehood and the sergeant-at-arms had to interfere to prevent a row.

GOVERNMENT CASE IS CLOSED.

Attorneys for the A. R. U. Men at Chicago Ask a General Discharge.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—Unexpectedly counsel for the government announced that it had submitted all its evidence in the Debs conspiracy case. Saturday the prosecution issued forty-five more subpoenas for witnesses and these were expected to keep the government on the stand all the week, but the prosecution failed to secure these witnesses in time and closed the case.

Immediately the defense began asking for discharges, separately for McVean, Dryer, Larkin, McDonald and Burke and en bloc for the whole of the defendants. Arguments were made, and Judge Grosscup took the matter under advisement. He will make his decision today.

Serious If It Is True.

LONDON, Feb. 4.—A dispatch from Shanghai says a telegram has been received there from Chin Kiang stating that a party of officers from the American warship Concord landed at Chin Kiang for the purpose of shooting game. They by accident shot a Chinaman.

The populace became infuriated and attacked, seized and carried off the whole party. The commander of the Concord sent an armed force of blue jackets and marines to rescue them at all hazards. Further news in regard to the affair is anxiously awaited.

Nothing Startling from Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 5.—In spite of the many announcements that yesterday was set for a definite declaration in the Guatemalan embroglio, nothing has transpired up to this writing and a statement of policy is not looked for now until today. A labor demonstration was held, and some ten thousand men with banners and bands marched to the palace and calling out President Diaz tendered their services to the country in case of war with Central America.

Judge E. R. Hoar Dead.

CONCORD, Mass., Feb. 1.—Judge E. Rockwood Hoar died last evening at 7:20 o'clock.

Judge E. Rockwood Hoar was born Feb. 21, 1816, at Concord, Mass. He was a brother of United States Senator George F. Hoar, of Worcester, and a member of a family which has for years been prominently identified with public affairs. He was Grant's attorney general and held other important positions.

NOW COMES MR. REED.

THE MAINE STATESMAN HAS A FINANCIAL SCHEME.

Provides for the Issuance of Government 3 Per Cent. "Coin" Scrip to Tide Over the Difficulty—And Here Comes Carlisle and Says the Difficulty Doesn't Exist.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Calculations of the supporters and opponents of the new administration financial bill have been upset by the interjection of a new factor into the campaign. Reed of Maine, the Republican leader, has brought forward a new plan for which he is endeavoring to enlist the entire strength of his party, and which he will offer as a substitute for the administration scheme if he thinks his plan can command sufficient support to make it a factor in the fight. There are but two sections to the Reed plan in the form in which he has submitted it to his colleagues. The first proposes to restrict the law of 1875, which authorizes the secretary of the treasury to issue bonds to redeem the greenbacks, to 3 per cent. bonds.

Government 3 Per Cent. Scrip.

The second section authorizes the secretary of the treasury, when there is a deficit, to issue certificates of indebtedness to pay current expenses, the certificates to be in sums of $25, $50 and $100, and any multiples thereof, bearing interest at 3 per cent. and payable in "coin." The bill, as Reed explained to the Republicans whose support he sought, is but a temporary expedient to tide over the present distress. The substitution of "coin" for the gold provisions of the administration plan is expected to win for it the toleration—if not the support—of the free silver men, who bitterly oppose all propositions to discriminate by stipulation in any bill in favor of gold. Its comparative simplicity, it is expected, will commend the bill to the house in preference to more complex plans.

Treasury Officials Serene.

A spirit of serenity pervaded the treasury department that was quite in contrast with the anxious looks and hurried movements of the officials last week. Secretary Carlisle was in his office and saw all comers, which he has been unable to do for some time past. In answer to all inquiries Carlisle stated that he had nothing to say on the financial situation. Assistant Secretary Curtis, who has returned from New York, was also in his office and accessible to all callers. He, however, would not say whether his mission in New York had been successful. So far as can be learned no steps have been taken to prepare plates for another issue.

But the thing that gave the officials most satisfaction was Secretary Carlisle's report to the senate that there would be a surplus of $22,500,000 on Dec. 31, 1895. Tresury officials generally express the opinion that Secretary Carlisle's estimate is conservative. It is urged that the customs duty on sugar alone should bring in at least $35,000,000 during the next eleven months and that the revenue from the income tax is likely to reach $40,000,000. The receipts from general customs and from whisky withdrawals are expected to materially increase from now on, which it is believed will bring the receipts for the twelve months up to about $380,500,000.

The disbursements for the year, it is thought, will not exceed $351,000,000, leaving a surplus—after deducting the $7,000,000 deficit for last January—of $22,500,000. The internal revenue officials, in figuring on the receipts from income taxation, estimate that the returns prior to July 1 will amount to $10,000,000, and for the remaining six months $30,000,000.

CLUNG TO THE FORLORN HOPE.

Tug Goes in Search of the Ghostly Hull of the Chicora and Fails.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—At 11:15 a. m. yesterday the Dunham tug T. T. Morford forced her way through the river ice and out into the almost interminable floes in the lake on a reconnoitering trip. The destination of this stanch tug was uncertain. She was to proceed as far as possible through the ice, following a route laid out by Captain Graham. Aboard her were at least three men who anticipated that the trip would reveal some information concerning the missing steamer Chicora. They were W. J. Hancock, clerk of the Chicora; M. B. Rice and "Doc" Ballenger. The latter is a relative of Druggist Pease, of St. Joseph, and all are acquainted with a majority of the occupants of the lost steamer.

Undismayed by the certain report from South Chicago that the dark mass out in the lake supposed to be the hulk of the Chicora had disappeared, and was thought to be but a dirty, sooty snowbank occasionally the resting place of fatigued gulls, this trio of determined men sat in the pilot-house of the Morford and told their plans for the search and then took the post of lookout as the tug smashed her way through the drift ice. A crowd on the dock watched the tug until she disappeared in the wilderness of floating ice and then it watched her smoke.

At 6 o'clock last night the tug Morford returned. The tug made its way through the ice all the way to Whiting, Ind., and neither on the trip to that place nor on the return was anything seen that in any way resembled the hull of the the vessel. It would have been impossible for the vessel to have been in open water Sunday night and been hidden from the view of the men on the tug yesterday. After the return of the tug the Graham & Morton people announced that they had given up all hope of ever seeing the Chicora or any of its crew again.

Think They Have Two Robbers.

SANDUSKY, O., Feb. 5.—The police of this city think they have two of the five men who blew up and robbed the Lockwood National bank at Milan, O. They have arrested at their homes in this city Gib Stoughton, a saloonkeeper, and Solly Hirschberg, the latter of no particular occupation. The bank's loss is not definitely known, but it is reported at $20,000 in cash and $10,000 in bonds. The bank is sound.

Frightful Accident at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 5.—As a trolley car of the Holton street line approached the Kinnickinnic bridge, the motorman did not notice that the draw was open and his car plunged into the chasm and buried itself half-deep in the ice. John Kennedy, the motorman, was killed, as were Mrs. A. G. Elhman and Miss Schmidtkuntz. There were eight other passengers and of these two were hurt, but not seriously.

FIGHT OF THE BROOKLYN STRIKERS.

Obtain an Order for the Forfeiture of the Companies' Franchises.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 5.—The board of aldermen has adopted an order demanded by the trolley line strikers to forfeit the franchises of the trolley line companies. A committee consisting of four members of district assembly No. 75, K. of L., called upon Mayor Schieren at his office to urge the mayer to sign the resolution which was passed by the board of aldermen. The committee was received by Secretary Palmer, and he went in and asked the mayor what he proposed to do. The mayor replied: "When this resolution comes before me on Wednesday next in the regular way I will have something to say about it. I decline to say in advance what I shall do."

Secretary Palmer informed the delegation of the mayor's answer and they then expressed a desire to see his honor personally. Secretary Palmer informed the mayor of the committee's wish and he came out and reiterated the message delivered by his secretary. The delegation then withdrew. Everything was quiet during the afternoon. The strikers have been exhorted by their leaders not to make any breach of the law and they carried this wish out to the letter.

President Norton, of the Atlantic Avenue Railroad company, was arraigned before United States Commissioner Morle, charged with the violation of a United States statute in displaying United States mail signs on trolley cars that were not carrying mail. Ex-Judge Morris, counsel for Mr. Norton, contended that the agreement of the company with the United States government provided that they must be ready to carry mail on all trains or cars and that while perhaps there might have been cars without mail actually on them, the cars when the sign was put on had been engaged in carrying mail.

Judge Moore in the court of sessions instructed the February grand jury that it would have a great deal of work before it in investigating the disorder during the past few weeks caused by the strike. The responsibility of the disorderly acts, he told the jury, must be placed. Law and order must prevail, and it is the duty of the grand jury to find out who was responsible.

Judge Gaynor, in supreme court chambers, handed down a decision on the application for a writ of mandamus against the Atlantic avenue company. The application was made by James O'Connell, a mineral water bottler, who claims to have suffered great financial loss because the company has not operated its cars as fully as they were operated prior to Jan. 14. Judge Gaynor allows the company twenty days in which to make answer before a judge and jury.

GREENHUT IS REMOVED.

McNulta and Mitchell Appointed to Act with Receiver Lawrence.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—Judge Grosscup announced his decision in the whisky trust matter. By it Joseph B. Greenhut is removed as a receiver and in his stead John McNulta and John J. Mitchell are appointed to act with Receiver Lawrence, who is retained. John McNulta will be remembered as the man who made an extensive reputation some years ago as receiver of the Wabash railroad. He is a well-known and able politician and three years ago was defeated for the nomination of governor of Illinois by Joseph W. Fifer. John J. Mitchell is president of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank and a man of great business ability. Judge Grosscup stigmatized Mr. Greenhut's action in trading in whisky stock last week after being appointed receiver as an imposition on the federal court.

Fire at a Plow Factory.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 4.—A fire in the Minneapolis establishment of the Moline Plow works, of Moline, Ills., caused a loss of about $100,000.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.

Money on call nominally 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@6 per cent. Sterling exchange dull, with actual business in bankers' bills at 488¼@488¾ for demand and 487¾@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates 487 & 488¾, and 489@490; commercial bills 486@486¼.

Silver certificates 61¼c bid; no sales; bar silver, 60¾. Mexican dollars 48¾.

United States government bonds 5's reg., 114¼; 5's coupons 114¼; 4's reg. 110; 4's coupons 110; 2's reg. 97; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—February, opened 49¾c, closed 49⅝c; May, opened 52¾c, closed 52¾c; July, opened 53¾c, closed 53¼c. Corn—February, opened 40¾c, closed 40¼c; May, opened 43c, closed 43c; July, opened 42¾c, closed 42½c. Oats—February, nominal, closed 29½c; May, opened 28¼c, closed 28¾c; June, opened 28¾c, closed 28¼c. Pork—February nominal, closed $9.65; May, opened $9.93, closed $9.91. Lard—February nominal, closed $6.42½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 7@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 22@22½c per doz., loss off. Dressed Poultry—Spring chickens, 7½@8c per lb.; turkeys, 8@9½c; ducks, 8@11c; geese, 7@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks good to choice, 55@60c per bu.; Hebrons, 55@58c; Early Rose, 50@55c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.25@1.50 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $10.00@11.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 38,000; sales ranged at $3.65@3.80 pigs, $3.60@4.05 light, $3.75@3.90 rough packing, $3.80@4.20 mixed, and $3.95@4.30 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,000; quotations ranged at $5.00@5.65 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.40@4.95 good to choice do, $4.00@4.60 fair to good, $3.40@4.00 common to medium do., $3.10@3.60 butchers' steers, $2.20@2.90 stockers, $2.90@3.60 feeders, $1.40@2.80 cows, $2.70@3.60 heifers, $2.00@3.75 bulls, $2.75@4.15 Texas steers, and $2.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $2.50@4.00 westerns $2.00@3.25 Texans, $1.80@4.00 natives and $2.50 @4.75 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 4.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 56c; No. 1 northern, 62c; May, 53¾c. Corn—No. 3, 43c. Oats—No. 2 white, 31c; No. 3 white, 30¼c. Barley—No. 2, 53¼c; samples, 53½@54c. Rye—No. 1, 53c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 4.

Wheat—Cash, 50¼c; February, 50¼c; May, 51¾c; July, 51¾c. Corn—Cash, 38¼c; February, 38¼c; May, 40c; July, 40¾@40¾c. Oats—Cash, 30c; February, 30c; May, 29½c. Pork—Jobbing, $9.62½. Lard—Prime, $6.30; choice, $6.45.

East Liberty Live Stock.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., Feb. 4.

Cattle—Steady and unchanged. Hogs—Dull; heavy Philadelphias, $4.35@4.45; common to fair Yorkers, $4.10@4.15; roughs, $3.00@4.00. Sheep—Active; extra, $4.80@4.10; good, $4.20@4.60; common to fair lambs, $2.50@4.00.

SOLONS OF ILLINOIS.

REPORT OF THEIR PROCEEDINGS AT SPRINGFIELD.

The Lawmakers Hard at Work Introducing Bills and Resolutions in Both Branches of the Legislature—Prairie State News of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 1.—The senate ordered bills regulating the filing of plats of ground outside of cities and villages, reducing the time for contesting wills from three to two years, and amending the assessment law to third reading. The military deficiency bill and the bill providing for the reconstruction of the insane asylum at Anna were passed with emergency clauses. Fitzpatrick introduced a bill to remove the $5,000 death limit. Berry introduced a bill for uniformity of text books in public schools. Wells introduced a bill appropriating $170,000 annually for expenses of the Soldiers' and Sailors' home at Quincy, Ills., and $56,000 for improvements on the same.

In the house Merritt introduced a resolution providing that no appropriation shall be made for the use in this state of coal produced outside, and that county, city and village authorities be requested to use only Illinois coal; referred. A petition that plumbers be required to pass examinations was filed from 300 physicians. A resolution for a bill to abolish grand juries and require judges of courts of record to perform the same work as the juries was referred. A bill to punish members of the A. P. A. was introduced by Woolsey. Other bills were: To prevent "ringing" on race tracks; to protect game birds and animals; to provide a small bunting flag for the grave of each dead veteran buried in the state, for use on Decoration day; making sixty-eight pounds of corn a bushel instead of seventy.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 2.—Immediately after the reading of the journal in the senate the governor sent in the following nominations: Oscar C. Baines, of Cook, as member of the state board of health, to succeed James McFatrich, term expired. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, of Cook, as member of the board of trustees of the University of Illinois, to succeed John H. Bryant. The bill changing the time of taking judgments against delinquent taxpayers from May to the June term of court was advanced to third reading.

Another anti-pool selling bill was introduced in the house. Dudley offered a resolution calling for the appointment of a committee of seven to inspect the insane hospital at Anna. It was adopted. Merritt introduced a bill to amend the insurance act so as permit religious societies to do a fraternal insurance business. Both houses adjourned to Monday evening and in the meantime will take a trip to the Chicago drainage canal.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 5.—The house was in session two minutes yesterday afternoon. When the senate convened only eight senators were present. Some resolutions were reported, but went over on account of lack of quorum. Senator Crawford introduced a bill for the incorporation and management of pawners, societies, limiting the rate of compensation, etc.

Inspecting the Drainage Canal.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4.—One hundred and forty members of the legislature and invited guests to the number of 150, left on a special train over the Santa Fe road for the drainage canal. The members of the party were the guests of the sanitary trustees and were escorted by President Wenter and Trustees Cooley, Eckhart, Boldenweck and Kelly and Clerk Judge and his assistant, John Duffy. Speaker Meyer headed the house delegation. The object of the trip is to show the country members the progress that has been made on the channel.

Nine Thousand for an Arm.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 4.—In the United States district court here William Meyers of Streator, Ills., was awarded $9,000 damages against the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway company for the loss of his right arm. Plaintiff was a switchman for the defendant, and while performing his duties lost his arm. He sued for $20,000.

Double Tragedy at Peoria, Ills.

PEORIA, Ills., Feb. 5.—Frank Atkinson, a patent medicine vender, shot his sister-in-law, Lena Sitter, killing her instantly. He then shot himself three times, twice in the breast and once in the head. He cannot live. The cause of the act was family troubles.

Mrs. Smith a University Trustee.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 1.—The governor has accepted the resignation of John H. Bryant, of Princeton, as member of the board of trustees of Illinois university, and appointed Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, of Chicago, to fill the vacancy.

Block Burned at Spring Valley.

SPRING VALLEY, Ills., Feb. 2.—Spring Valley had a $20,000 fire. The flames wiped out almost an entire residence block in the outskirts of the city. A little girl in attempting to escape from the second story of a house was burned.

Gov. Altgeld Signs a Bill.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills. Feb. 4.—Governor Altgeld has signed the bill providing for raising funds for park and boulevard purposes in towns of from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants.

Notes of the State.

J. R. Witt, a well-known and wealthy farmer, who lived near Dewitt, Ills., committed suicide with a revolver. No cause is assigned.

James Adams, representing himself as an agent of the Columbian Building and Loan association, of Bloomington, Ills., is wanted at Marshall, Ills., on a charge of forgery.

Forty Dundee, Ills., women organized a society for the prevention of gossip. It lasted two weeks, for by a series of expulsions for violation of the cardinal idea only the president is left in the society.

The city waterworks boiler at Washington, Tazewell county, Ills., blew up, fatally injuring Daniel Heddelstone and severely wounding William Zinsinsbaugh, Isaac McDonald, Daniel Donaldson and Isaac Holland.

Governor Altgeld pardoned James Shay, convicted in Cook county, Ills., in May, 1884, of burglary, and sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty years. He is dying of consumption.

J. H. Webster, a conductor of the Burlington, committed suicide at Galesburg, Ills., by shooting himself.

A freight train to which was attached a passenger coach was wrecked near Oblong, Ills., and six members of a dramatic company were injured.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Jan. 30.

James H. Berry has been re-elected senator by the separate houses of the Arkansas legislature. Fishback got but seventeen votes in both houses.

A company has been incorporated, with $1,000,000 capital stock, to build and operate an electric railway from Oshkosh to Kaukauna, Wis., running through the cities of Neenah and Menasha.

The December and annual statements of earnings of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system show a decrease in the net earnings of that month, as compared with December, 1893, of $90,122.55, and for the entire year of $1,179,152.43.

Rev. A. E. Depew of Springfield, Ills., a cousin of Chauncey M. Depew, has accepted the pastorage of the Congregational church at Boscobel, Wis.

The trial of Captain Henry W. Howgate, for forgery and embezzlement of the government when disbursing clerk several years ago, was begun in the District criminal court at Washington.

Cash wheat sold at 49 cents on the Chicago board of trade yesterday.

Thursday, Jan. 31.

Chinese advices report that the Japanese were repulsed in an attack on Wei-Hai Wei, with a loss of 300 killed and wounded.

Wagner palace car porters are threatening a strike owing to their inadequate pay, which is no longer supplemented by the former liberal tips.

Benson, Minn., suffered from a $90,000 fire in its business section.

Lilia Vana, recently the leading lady of Nat Goodwin's troupe, is now Mrs. Geo. Goodrich, having wedded a young and wealthy widower of that name at Yonkers, N. Y.

Lucien Baker, the new senator from Kansas, is 48 years old, and is said to be worth about $100,000.

Joseph J. Ironmonger, one of the founders of the Jacksonville (Ills.) Journal, died in that city yesterday.

Charles Donnovan, arraigned at La Junta, Colo., for attempting to criminally assault Hope Claussen, the 9-year-old danghter of James Claussen, was attacked with an epileptic fit in the court room and died.

Saturday, Feb. 1.

J. Scott Ellis, of Farmington, Me., who is 102 years old, was preparing to shave himself when he fell and broke his hip. The old gentleman had not been obliged to call in a doctor before for eighty years.

The annual charity ball in aid of the Nursery and Child's hospital took place at Carnegie Music hall, New York, last evening. Gov. Levi P. Morton led the grand march.

Governor Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, has formally resigned and the lieutenant governor, D. M. Clough, has been sworn as governor. Nelson will soon take his seat in the United States senate.

During an exciting debate in the French chamber of deputies Hubbard, socialist, challenged the Viscomte de Hughes to a duel.

A colored woman in New Orleans is about to take her degree in medicine and will be the first woman to practice in that city with a degree won in Louisiana.

A movement has been started in Newfoundland for annexation to the United States.

Friday, Feb. 2.

Solicitor General Maxwell has resigned because, it is said, he cannot get along smoothly with Attorney General Olney. Holmes Conrad, of Virginia, has been appointed to the vacancy.

Samuel Allmeyer, Minnie Baumer, Jacob Krause and an 8-months-old baby were burned to death in the fire that destroyed the Deaconness Home at Cleveland, O.

Mullihan, Elliott, Roy and Harris, charged with being the murderers of Barrett Scott, the defaulting ex-treasurer of Holt county, Neb., have been released on $2,000 bonds by the county judge, who decided that not enough evidence had been produced to warrant charging the prisoners with murder in the first degree.

The "bargain sale," so dear to the American woman, has been introdiuced into Germany, with results so disastrous to conservative German business methods that the government has been appealed to to suppress the practice.

Monday, Feb. 4.

The senate has confirmed the nomination of Samuel Ryan, of Wisconsin, to be United States consul at St. Johns, Nd.

B. S. Howland, of West Superior, Wis., bet $100 that the word "God" was in the United States constitution. When he lost he sued for his money back and the case is on trial at West Superior.

The Elbe disaster wiped a divorce case off the record. Anton Kuehn, of St. Louis, has learned that his wife Louise went down with the steamer while she was on her way to St. Louis to defend a divorce suit.

The New Mexican legislature has passed and the governor signed a bill to rebuild the capitol with convict labor and bricks.

In deciding a horse stealing case in which an appeal had been taken, because the thief had stolen a "mare," while the indictment said "horse," the Arkansas supreme court said that "horse" was a generic term and included all classes of the animal.

The $10,000 stake for 2:30 trotters and the $5,000 stake for 2:25 pacers, offered by the Clark's Horse Review, of Chicago, to be contested for in June, 1895, will be made part of the programme of the meeting at Red Oak, Ia.

Swelling in the Neck

"Large knots of scrofula nature came on my wife's neck for four years. When she had taken two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, we could see the swelling was going down. Now the glands have assumed their natural appearance and she is

Entirely Free

from this trouble. Our children were afflicted with spells of malaria every fall but this season they have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has purified their blood, built them up, and they have been free from all illness this winter." E. M. BLACKBURN, Oregon, Missouri.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER I.

A strange thing happened at the old fort during the still watches of the night. Even now, at 9 in the morning, no one seemed to be in possession of the exact circumstances. The officer of the day was engaged in an investigation, and all that appeared to be generally known was the bald statement that the sentry on No. 5 had fired at somebody or other about half after 3; that he had fired by order of the officer of the day, who was on his post at the time, and that now he flatly refused to talk about the matter.

Garrison curiosity, it is perhaps needless to say, was rather stimulated than lulled by this announcement. An unusual number of officers were chatting about headquarters when Colonel Maynard came over to his office. Several ladies, too, who had hitherto shown but languid interest in the morning music of the band, had taken the trouble to stroll down to the old quadrangle, ostensibly to see guard mounting. Mrs. Maynard was almost always on her piazza at this time, and her lovely daughter was almost sure to be at the gate with two or three young fellows lounging about her. This morning, however, not a soul appeared in front of the colonel's quarters.

Guard mounting at the fort was not held until 9 o'clock, contrary to the somewhat general custom at other posts in our scattered army. Colonel Maynard had ideas of his own upon the subject, and it was his theory that everything worked more smoothly if he had finished a leisurely breakfast before beginning office work of any kind, and neither the colonel nor his family cared to breakfast before 8 o'clock. In view of the fact that Mrs. Maynard had borne that name but a very short time, and that her knowledge of army life dated only from the month of May, the garrison was disposed to consider her entitled to much latitude of choice in such matters, even while it did say that she was old enough to be above bridelike sentiment. The women folk at the fort were of opinion that Mrs. Maynard was 50. It must be conceded that she was over 40; also that this was her second entry into the bonds of matrimony.

That no one should now appear on the colonel's piazza was obviously a disappointment to several people. In some way or other most of the breakfast tables at the post had been enlivened by accounts of the mysterious shooting. The soldiers going the rounds with the "police cart," the butcher and grocer and baker from town, the old milk woman with her glistening cans, had all served as newsmongers from kitchen to kitchen, and the story that came in with the coffee to the lady of the house had lost nothing in bulk or bravery. The groups of officers chatting and smoking in front of headquarters gained accessions every moment, while the ladies seemed more absorbed in chat and confidences than in the sweet music of the band.

What fairly exasperated some men was the fact that the old officer of the day was not out on the parade where he belonged. Only the new incumbent was standing there in statuesque pose as the band trooped along the line, and the fact that the colonel had sent out word that the ceremony would proceed without Captain Chester only served to add fuel to the flame of popular conjecture. It was known that the colonel was holding a consultation with closed doors with the old officer of the day, and never before since he came to the regiment had the colonel been known to look so pale and strange as when he glanced out for just one moment and called his orderly. The soldier sprang up, saluted, received his message, and, with every eye following him, sped off toward the old stone guardhouse. In three minutes he was on his way back, accompanied by a corporal and private of the guard in full dress uniform.

"That's Leary, the man who fired the shot," said Captain Wilton to his senior lieutenant, who stood by his side.

"Belongs to B company, doesn't he?" queried the subaltern. "Seems to me I have heard Captain Armitage say he was one of his best men."

"Yes. He's been in the regiment as long as I can remember. What on earth can the colonel want him for? Near as I can learn, he only fired by Chester's order."

"And neither of them knows what he fired at."

It was perhaps 10 minutes before Private Leary came forth from the doorway of the colonel's office, nodded to the corporal, and raising their white gloved hands in salute to the group of officers the two men tossed their rifles to the right shoulder and strode back to the guard.

Another moment, and the colonel himself opened his door and appeared in th hallway. He stopped abruptly, turned back and spoke a few words in low tone, then hurried through the groups at the entrance, looking at no man, avoiding their glances and giving faint and impatient return to the soldierly salutations that greeted him. The sweat was beaded on his forehead, his lips were white and his face full of a trouble and dismay no man had ever seen there before. He spoke to no one, but walked rapidly homeward, entered and closed the gate and door behind him.

For a moment there was silence in the group. Few men in the service were better loved and honored than the veteran soldier who commanded the ——th infantry, and it was with genuine concern that his officers saw him so deeply and painfully affected, for affected he certainly was. Never before had his cheery voice denied them a cordial "Good morning, gentlemen." Never before had his blue eyes flinched. He had been their comrade and commander in years of frontier service, and his bachelor home had been the rendezvous of all genial spirits when in garrison. They had missed him sorely when he went abroad on long leave the previous year and were almost indignant when they received the news that he had met his fate in Italy and would return married. "She" was the widow of a wealthy New Yorker who had been dead some three years only, and though over 40 did not look her years to masculine eyes when she reached the fort in May.

After knowing her a week the garrison had decided to a man that the colonel had done wisely. Mrs. Maynard was charming, courteous, handsome and accomplished. Only among the women were there still a few who resented their colonel's capture, and some of these, oblivious of the fact that they had tempted him with relations of their own, were sententious and severe in their condemnation of second marriage, for the colonel, too, was indulging in a second experiment. Of his first only one man in the regiment besides the commander could tell anything, and he, to the just indignation of almost everybody, would not discuss the subject. It was rumored that in the old days when Maynard was senior captain and Chester junior subaltern in their former regiment the two had very little in common. It was known that the first Mrs. Maynard, while still young and beautiful, had died abroad. It was hinted that the resignation of a dashing lieutenant of the regiment, which was synchronous with her departure for foreign shores, was demanded by his brother officers, but it was useless asking Captain Chester. He could not tell, and—wasn't it odd?—here was Chester again, the only man in the colonel's confidence in an hour of evident trouble.

"By Jove! What's gone wrong with the chief?" was the first exclamation from one of the older officers. "I never saw him look so broken."

As no explanation suggested itself, they began edging in toward the office. The door stood open, a handbell banged, a clerk darted in from the sergeant major's rooms, and Captain Chester was revealed seated at the colonel's desk. This in itself was sufficient to induce several officers to stroll in and look inquiringly around. Captain Chester, merely nodding, went on with some writing at which he was engaged.

After a moment's awkward silence and uneasy glancing at one another the party seemed to arrive at the conclusion that it was time to speak. The band had ceased, and the new guard had marched away behind its pealing bugles. Lieutenant Hall winked at his comrades, strolled hesitatingly over to the desk, balanced unsteadily on one leg, and with his hands sticking in his trousers pockets, and his forage cap swinging from protruding thumb and forefinger, cleared his throat, and with marked lack of confidence accosted his absorbed superior:

"Colonel gone home?"

"Didn't you see him?" was the uncompromising reply, and the captain did not deign to raise his head or eyes.

"Well—er—yes, I suppose I did," said Mr Hall, shifting uncomfortably to his other leg and prodding the floor with the toe of his boot.

"Then that wasn't what you wanted to know, I presume," said Captain Chester, signing his name with a vicious dab of the pen and bringing his fist down with a thump on the blotting pad, while he wheeled around in his chair and looked squarely up into the perturbed features of the junior.

"No, it wasn't," answered Mr. Hall in an injured tone, while an audible snicker at the door added to his sense of discomfort. "What I mainly wanted was to know if I could go to town."

"That matter is easily arranged, Mr Hall. All you have to do is to get out of that uncomfortable and unsoldierly position, stand in the attitude in which you are certainly more at home and infinitely more picturesque, proffer your request in respectful words, and there is no question as to the result."

"Oh, you're in command, then?" said Mr. Hall, slowly wriggling into the position of the soldier and flushing through his bronzed cheeks. "I thought the colonel might be only gone for a minute."

"The colonel may not be back for a week, but you be here for dress parade all the same, and—Mr. Hall!" he called as the young officer was turning away. The latter faced about again.

"Was Mr. Jerrold going with you to town?"

"Yes, sir. He was to drive me in his dogcart, and it's over here now."

"Mr. Jerrold cannot go—at least not until I have seen him."

"Why, captain, he got the colonel's permission at breakfast this morning."

"That is true, no doubt, Mr. Hall." And the captain dropped his sharp and captious manner, and his voice fell as though in sympathy with the cloud that settled on his face. "I cannot explain matters just now. There are reasons why the permission is withdrawn for the time being. The adjutant will notify him." And Captain Chester turned to his desk again as the new officer of the day, guardbook in hand, entered to make his report.

"The usual orders, captain," said Chester as he took the book from his hand and looked over the list of prisoners. Then, in bold and rapid strokes, he wrote across the page the customary certificate of the old officer of the day, winding up with this remark:

"He also inspected guard and visited sentries between 3 and 3:35 a. m. The firing at 3:30 a. m. was by his order."

Meantime those officers who had entered and who had no immediate duty to perform were standing or seated around the room, but all observing profound silence. For a moment or two no sound was heard but the scratching of the captain's pen. Then, with some embarrassment and hesitancy, he laid it down and glanced around him.

"Has any one here anything to ask—any business to transact?"

Two or three mentioned some routine matters that required the action of the post commander, but did so reluctantly, as though they preferred to await the orders of the colonel himself. Captain Wilton indeed spoke his sentiments:

"I wanted to see Colonel Maynard about getting two men of my company relieved from extra duty, but as he isn't here I fancy I had better wait."

"Not at all. Who are your men? Have it done at once, Mr. Adjutant, and supply their places from my company if need be. Now, is there anything else?"

The group was apparently "nonplused," as the adjutant afterward put it, by such unlooked for complacence on the part of the usually crotchety senior

"Has any one here anything to ask?"

captain. Still, no one offered to lead the others and leave the room. After a moment's nervous rapping with his knuckles on the desk Captain Chester again abruptly spoke:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to incommode you, but if there be nothing more that you desire to see me about I shall go on with some other matters, which, pardon me, do not require your presence."

At this very broad hint the party slowly found their legs, and with much wonderment and not a few resentful glances at their temporary commander the officers sauntered to the doorway. There, however, several stopped again, still reluctant to leave in the face of so pervading a mystery, for Wilton turned.

"Am I to understand that Colonel Maynard has left the post to be gone any length of time?" he asked.

"He has not yet gone. I do not know how long he will be gone or how soon he will start. For pressing personal reasons he has turned over the command to me, and if he decide to remain away of course some field officer will be ordered to come to headquarters. For a day or two you will have to worry along with me, but I sha'n't worry you more than I can help. I've got mystery and mischief enough here to keep me busy, God knows. Just ask Sloat to come back here to me, will you? And, Wilton, I did not mean to be abrupt with you. I'm all upset today. Mr. Adjutant, notify Mr. Jerrold at once that he must not leave the post until I have seen him. It is the colonel's last order. Tell him so."

CHAPTER II.

The night before had been unusually dark. A thick veil of clouds overspread the heavens and hid the stars. Moon there was none, for the faint silver crescent that gleamed for a moment through the swift sailing wisps of vapor had dropped beneath the horizon soon after tattoo, and the mournful strains of "taps," borne on the rising wind, seemed to signal "extinguish lights" to the entire firmament as well as to Fort Sibley. There was a dance of some kind at the quarters of one of the staff officers living far up the row on the southern terrace. Chester heard the laughter and chat as the young officers and their convoy of matrons and maids came tripping homeward after midnight. He was a crusty old bachelor, to use his own description, and rarely ventured into these scenes of social gayety, and besides he was officer of the day, and it was a theory he was fond of expounding to juniors that when on guard no soldier should permit himself to be drawn from the scene of his duties.

With his books and his pipe Chester whiled away the lonely hours of the early night and wondered if the wind would blow up a rain or disperse the clouds entirely. Toward 1 o'clock a light, bounding footstep approached his door, and the portal flew open as a trim built young fellow, with laughing eyes and an air of exuberant health and spirits, came briskly in. It was Rollins, the junior second lieutenant of the regiment and Chester's own and only pet—so said the envious others. He was barely a year out of leading strings at the Point and as full of hope and pluck and mischief as a colt. Moreover, he was frank and teachable, said Chester, and didn't come to him with the idea that he had nothing to learn and less to do. The boy won upon his gruff captain from the very start, and, to the incredulous delight of the whole regiment, within six months the old cynic had taken him into his heart and home, and Mr. Rollins occupied a pleasant room under Chester's rooftree and was the sole accredited sharer of the captain's mess. To a youngster just entering service, whose ambition it was to stick to business and make a record for zeal and efficiency, these were manifest advantages.

There were men in the regiment to whom such close communion with a watchful senior would have been most embarrassing, and Mr. Rollins' predecessor as second lieutenant of Chester's company was one of these. Mr. Jerrold was a happy man when promotion took him from under the wing of Crusty Jake and landed him in Company B. More than that, it came just at a time when, after four years of loneliness and isolation at an up river stockade, his new company and his old one, together with four others from the regiment, were ordered to join headquarters and the band at the most delightful station in the northwest. Here Mr. Rollins had reported for duty during the previous autumn, and here they were with troops of other arms of the service, enjoying the close proximity of all the good things of civilization.

Chester looked up, with a quizzical smile, as his "plebe" came in:

"Well, sir, how many dances had you with Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Not many, I fancy, with Mr. Jerrold monopolizing everything as usual. By gad! some good fellow could make a colossal fortune in buying that young man at my valuation and selling him at his own."

"Oh, come, now, captain," laughed Rollins, "Jerrold's no such slouch as you make him out. He's lazy, and he likes to spoon, and he puts up with a good deal of petting from the girls—who wouldn't if he could get it?—but he is jolly and big hearted and don't put on any airs—with us, at least—and the mess like him first rate. 'Tain't his fault that he's handsome and a regular lady killer. You must admit that he had a pretty tough four years of it up there at that cussed old Indian graveyard, and it's only natural he should enjoy getting here, where there are theaters and concerts and operas and dances and dinners"——

"Yes, dances and dinners and daughters, all delightful, I know, but no excuse for a man's neglecting his manifest duty, as he is doing and has been ever since we got here. Any other time the colonel would have straightened him out, but no use trying it now, when both women in his household are as big fools about the man as anybody in town—bigger, unless I'm a born idiot." And Chester rose excitedly.

"I suppose he had Miss Renwick pretty much to himself tonight?" he presently demanded, looking angrily and searchingly at his junior, as though half expecting him to dodge the question.

"Oh, yes. Why not? It's pretty evident she would rather dance and be with him than with any one else. So what can a fellow do? Of course w ask her to dance and all that, and I think he wants us to, but I cannot help feeling rather a bore to her, even if she is only 18, and there are plenty of pleasant girls in the garrison who don't get any too much attention, now we're so near a big city, and I like to be with them."

"Yes, and it's the right thing for you to do, youngster. That's one trait I despise in Jerrold. When we were up there at the stockade two winters ago and Captain Gray's little girl was there, he hung around her from morning till night, and the poor little thing fairly beamed and blossomed with delight. Look at her now, man! He doesn't go near her. He hasn't had the decency to take her a walk, a drive or anything since we got here. He began from the moment we came with that gang in town. He was simply devoted to Miss Beaubien until Alice Renwick came. Then he dropped her like a hot brick. By the eternal, Rollins, he hasn't got off with that old love yet, you mark my words. There's Indian blood in her veins and a look in her eye that makes me wriggle sometimes. I watched her last night at parade when she drove out here with that copper faced old squaw, her mother. For all her French and Italian education and her years in New York and Paris that girl's got a wild streak in her somewhere. She sat there watching him as the officers marched to the front, and then her, as he went up and joined Miss Renwick, and there was a gleam of her white teeth and a flash in her black eyes that made me think of the leap of a knife from the sheath. Not but what 'twould serve him right if she did play him some devil's trick. It's his own doing. Were any people out from town?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, half a dozen or so," answered Mr. Rollins, who was pulling off his boots and inserting his feet into easy slippers, while old "Crusty" tramped excitedly up and down the floor. "Most of them staid out here, I think. Only one team went back across the bridge."

"Whose was that?"

"The Suttons', I believe. Young Cub Sutton was out with his sister and another girl."

"There's another d——d fool!" growled Chester. "That boy has $10,000 a year of his own, a beautiful home that will be his, a doting mother and sister and everything wealth can buy, and yet, by gad, he's unhappy because he can't be a poor devil of a lieutenant, with nothing but drills, debts and rifle practice to enliven him. That's what brings him out here all the time. He'd swap places with you in a minute. Isn't he very thick with Jerrold?"

"Oh, yes, rather. Jerrold entertains him a good deal."

"Which is returned with compound interest, I'll bet you. Mr. Jerrold simply makes a convenience of him. He won't make love to his sister because the poor, rich, unsophisticated girl is as ugly as she is ubiquitous. His majesty is fastidious, you see, and seeks only the caress of beauty, and while he lives there at the Suttons' when he goes to town, and dines and sleeps and smokes and wines there, and uses their box at the opera house, and is courted and flattered by the old lady because dear Cubby worships the ground he walks on, and poor Fanny Sutton thinks him adorable, he turns his back on the girl at every dance because she can't dance and leaves her to you fellows who have a conscience and some idea of decency. He gives all his devotions to Nina Beaubien, who dances like a coryphee, and drops her when Alice Renwick comes, with her glowing Spanish beauty.

"Oh, d—n it, I'm an old fool to get worked up over it as I do, but you young fellows don't see what I see. You have not seen what I've seen, and pray God you never may! That's where the shoe pinches, Rollins. It is what he reminds me of, not so much what he is, I suppose, that I get rabid about. He is for all the world like a man we had in the old regiment when you were in swaddling clothes, and I never look at Mamie Gray's sad, white face that it doesn't bring back a girl I knew just then whose heart was broken by just such a shallow, selfish, adorable scoun—No, I won't use that word in speaking of Jerrold, but it's what I fear. Rollins, you call him generous. Well, so he is—lavish, if you like, with his money and his hospitality here in the post. Money comes easily to him and goes, but you boys misuse the term. I call him selfish to the core, because he can deny himself no luxury, no pleasure, though it may wring a woman's life—or, more than that, her honor—to give it him." The captain was tramping up and down the room now, as was his wont when excited. His face was flushed and his hand clinched. He turned suddenly and faced the younger officer, who sat gazing uncomfortably at the rug in front of the fireplace:

"Rollins, some day I may tell you a story that I've kept to myself all these years. You won't wonder at my feeling as I do about these goings on of your friend Jerrold when you hear it all, but it was just such a man as he who ruined one woman, broke the heart of another and took the sunshine out of the life of two men from that day to this. One of them was your colonel, the other your captain. Now go to bed. I'm going out." And, throwing down his pipe, regardless of the scattering sparks and ashes, Captain Chester strode into the hallway, picked up the first forage cap he laid hands on and banged himself out of the front door.

Mr. Rollins remained for some moments in the same attitude, still gazing abstractedly at the rug and listening to the nervous tramp of his senior officer on the piazza without. Then he slowly and thoughtfully went to his room, where his perturbed spirit was soon soothed in sleep. His conscience being clear and his health perfect, there were no deep cares to keep him tossing on a restless pillow.

To Chester, however, sleep was impossible. He tramped the piazza a full hour before he felt placid enough to go and inspect his guard. The sentries were calling 3 o'clock and the wind had died away as he started on his round. Dark as was the night, he carried no lantern. The main garrison was well lighted by lamps, and the road circling the old fort was broad, smooth and bordered by a stone coping wall where it skirted the precipitous descent into the river bottom. As he passed down the plank walk west of the quadrangle, wherein lay the old barracks and the stone quarters of the commanding officer and the low one storied row of bachelor dens, he could not help noting the silence and peace of the night.

Not a light was visible at any window as he strode down the line. The challenge of the sentry at the old stone tower sounded unnecessarily sharp and loud, and his response of "Officer of the day" was lower than usual, as though rebuking the unseemly outcry. The guard came scrambling out and formed hurriedly to receive him, but the captain's inspection was of the briefest kind. Barely glancing along the prison corridor to see that the bars were in place, he turned back into the night and made for the line of posts along the river bank. The sentry at the high bridge across the gorge and the next one, well around to the southeast flank, were successively visited and briefly questioned as to their instructions, and then the captain plodded sturdily on until he came to the sharp bend around the outermost angle of the fort and found himself passing behind the quarters of the commanding officer, a substantial two storied stone house, with mansard roof and dormer windows.

The road in the rear was some 10 feet below the level of the parade inside the quadrangle, and consequently, as the house faced the parade, what was the ground floor from that front became the second story at the rear. The kitchen, storeroom and servants' rooms were on this lower stage and opened upon the road, an outer stairway ran up to the center door at the back, but at the east and west flanks of the house the stone walls stood without port or window except those above the eaves—the dormers. Light and air in abundance streamed through the broad Venetian windows north and south when light and air were needed. This night, as usual, all was tightly closed below, all darkness aloft as he glanced up at the dormers high above his head. As he did so his foot struck a sudden and sturdy obstacle. He stumbled and pitched heavily forward and found himself sprawling at full length upon a ladder lying on the ground almost in the middle of the roadway.

"D—n those painters!" he growled between his set teeth. "They leave their infernal mantraps around in the very hope of catching me, I believe. Now, who but a painter would have left a ladder in such a place as this?"

Rising ruefully and rubbing a bruised knee with his hand, he limped painfully ahead a few steps until he came to the side wall of the colonel's house. Here a plank walk passed from the roadway along the western wall until almost on a line with the front piazza, where, by a flight of steps it was carried up to the level of the parade. Here he paused a moment to dust off his clothes and rearrange his belt and sword. He stood leaning against the wall and facing the gray stone gable end of the row of old fashioned quarters that bounded the parade upon the southwest. All was still darkness and silence.

"Confound this sword!" he muttered again. "The thing made rattle and racket enough to wake the dead. Wonder if I disturbed anybody at the colonel's?"

As though in answer to his suggestion there suddenly appeared, high on the blank wall before him, the reflection of a faint light. Had a little night lamp been turned on in the front room of the upper story? The gleam came from the north window on the side. He saw plainly the shadow of the pretty lace curtains looped loosely back. Then the shade was gently raised, and there was for an instant the silhouette of a slender hand and wrist and the shadow of a lace bordered sleeve. Then the light receded, as though carried back across the room, waned, as though slowly extinguished, and the last shadows showed the curtains still looped back, the rolling shade still raised.

"I thought so," he growled. "One tumble like that is enough to wake the seven sleepers, let alone a lovesick girl who is probably dreaming over Jerrold's parting words. She is spirited and blue blooded enough to have more sense, too, that superb brunette. Ah, Miss Alice, I wonder if you think that fellow's love worth having? It is two hours since he left you—more than that—and here you are awake yet—cannot sleep, want more air and have to come and raise your shade. No such warm night either." These were his reflections as he picked up his offending sword and more slowly and cautiously now groped his way along the western terrace. He passed the row of bachelor quarters and was well out beyond the limits of the fort before he came upon the next sentry—No. 5—and recognized in the sharp "Who comes there?" and the stern rattle of the bayonet as it dropped to the charge the well known challenge of Private Leary, one of the oldest and most reliable soldiers in the regiment.

"All right on your post, Leary?" he asked after having given the countersign.

"All right, I think, sor, though if the captain had asked me that half an hour ago I'd not have said so. It was so dark I couldn't see me hand afore me face, sor, but about half past 2 I was walkin very slow down back of the quarters whin just close by Loot'nant Jerrold's back gate I seen somethin movin, an as I come softly along it riz up, an sure I thought 'twas the loot'nant himself, whin he seemed to catch sight o' me or hear me, an he backed inside the gate an shut it. I was sure 'twas he, he was so tall an slimlike, an so I niver said a word until I got to thinkin over it, an then I couldn't spake. Sure if it had been the loot'nant he wouldn't have backed away from a sintry—he'd 'a' come out bold an given the countersign—but I didn't think o' that. It looked like him in the dark, an 'twas his quarters, an I thought it was him until I thought ag'in, an then, sor, I wint back and searched the yard, but there was no one there."

"Hm! Odd thing that, Leary! Why didn't you challenge at first?"

"Sure, sor, he lept inside the fince quick as iver we set eyes on each other. He was bendin down, an I thought it was one of the hound pups when I first sighted him."

"And he hasn't been around since?"

"No, sor, nor nobody till the officer of the day came along."

Chester walked away puzzled. Sibley was a quiet and orderly garrison. Night prowlers had never been heard from, especially over here at the south and southwest fronts. The enlisted men going to or from town passed across the big high bridge or went at once to their own quarters on the east and north. This southwestern terrace behind the bachelors' row was the most secluded spot on the whole post, so much so that when a fire broke out there among the fuel heaps one sharp winter's night a year agone it had well nigh enveloped the whole line before its existence was discovered. Indeed not until after this occurrence was a sentry posted on that front at all, and once ordered there he had so little to do and was so comparatively sure to be undisturbed that the old soldiers eagerly sought the post in preference to any other and were given it as a peace privilege. For months relief after relief tramped around the fort and found the terrace post as humdrum and silent as an empty church, but this night No. 5 leaped suddenly into notoriety.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Professional Services.

As two men were looking from an office window on Griswwold street the other morning a shriveled upold fellow passed by.

"See that party?" said one. "Well, he's the meanest man in the state."

"Who is he, and why is he so mean?"

"He's a lawyer in one of the interior towns where they have bobtail cars, and one day while he was riding up town a lame man on the car gave him a dime and asked him to pay his fare for him. He did as requested and then wanted to keep the other nickel as a fee for professional services."—Detroit Free Press.

Women's Ages.

Somebody has discovered the curious fact that the reluctance of women to tell their age is no piece of modern sensitiveness. It is as old as the hills. In the Old Testament, although great numbers of women are mentioned, there is but one—Sarah, Abraham's wife—whose age is recorded.—New York Times.

Augustus paid for a grouse 30 cents; dove, 24 cents; partridge, 48 cents; duck, 60 cents; tame goose, $5; hare, $2.20; pheasant, $1.60.

No kind of wheat now known exactly resembles that found in the coffins of the old Egyptians.

When it rains cats and dogs, it may fairly be called toasty weather.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Foundling."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Friends."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—James A. Hearne—"Shore Acres."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Lillian Russell.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"1492."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Richard Mansfield.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"Oliver Twist."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"County Fair."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Two Sisters."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE VILLAINOUS POTATO.

Some Irish writers have maintained that Ireland hasn't had a year of solid luck since that intellectual buccaneer, Sir Walter Raleigh, first introduced the accursed potato to her people. That esculent has been, on many occasions, the most efficient ally of the exterminating British government, and still the Irish people stick to cultivating it with a truly remarkable devotion. Whatever the potato may have been in remoter generations, within the memory of most of us it has proved a curse to Ireland and the Irish. The late Daniel O'Connell called it "a coarse food, unfit for civilized man," and he was right. The potato is coarse food, and only fit to be eaten occasionally with other edibles. But think of a people making it a staple, after the long experience of its treachery! The potato has been to Ireland a traitor vegetable. Its failure caused over a million deaths in the middle of this century. In 1879 it failed again, and now, on the testimony of Orator Sexton, M.P., we find it at its old tricks again.

The Hon. "Tom" addressed his constituents at Listowel, county Kerry, recently and, among other things, said: "It is beyond all doubt that the failure of the potato crop this year, especially in many districts in the west of Ireland, is certainly the worst since 1879. (Several voices—'The worst we ever had.') And probably the worst of the generation. The public thanks are due to your local board of guardians for the action they have taken in bringing the facts to light, and as soon as the facts were brought to my notice by the chairman of your board I conveyed them to the government. They rested upon no general resolutions; they rested upon statements of facts made by each guardian concerning his own division, but I may venture here today to express the hope that as landlords as well as tenants were found testifying that you have only a half or quarter of a potato crop this year, I hope they will remember that important fact when the next rent day comes round. (A voice—'The processes are out already'). I brought to the notice of the government the fact that within the territory of this union the yield of the potato crop this year ranged from one-half to one-eighth, in many places not worth digging. (Several voices—'Quite true'). And so far the result has been that the government have agreed to apply to the case those provisions of the Seed Supply act which were put in force in 1880, and again a few years ago. I trust that the government and local authorities will take good care that former mistakes are not repeated, that value is given for the money, that good seed is obtained, and that the good seed is sold at a reasonable price; if not, the benefit will be very doubtful, and the burden will be very excessive. I wish to add that I consider the term of two years too short for repayment of the loan, and that I shall press the government with considerable confidence for an extension of the term. The present crisis should be met by a system of loans, not to the landlords but to the occupiers, for the improvement of their holdings upon terms as favorable as those which were given to the landlords in 1880."

Is it not possible for the Irish people to find a substitute for the wicked and unreliable potato? Their forefathers used parsnips as their chief esculent, and certainly Irish history of the ante-potato period reads much more heroically than the history of any period since its introduction. We are inclined to indict the potato as a common nuisance. We are tired of reading about the darned potato and its ever recurring failure. We wish our brethren in Ireland would sit down on the potato and crush it out of existence. It is a "false, fleeting, perjured" root "in their midst," and is, no doubt, in full sympathy with the British idea of keeping the Irish people forever tied to its bulbous chariot wheels, so to speak.

THE CITIZEN is "death down on" the potato, and its patrons, the Whigs. Woe to the country that depends upon the potato for food. It will never amount to anything. The patriotic parsnip, or even the blushing carrot, is preferable to it—they never fail to grow. Even the turnip is more constant, more philanthropic than the potato, which has, in its nature, some of the characteristics of the Red Indian who first made use of it as an article of diet.

The Irish people raise plenty of cattle, sheep, hogs, wheat and oats. Why don't they change their diet to solid food? People whose hills and vales are covered with flocks and herds should partake of the goods the god's provide them, no matter who may stand in the way. We have understood that, since the land act went into operation, the Irish people are living better—that they do not yield up everything to the grasping landlord. We hope the statement is true, but, evidently, the people around Listowel are following the old road—the road to starvation and ruin. The first duty of every well constituted Irishman inhabiting Ireland, is, first to feed himself and his family, and then, if anything remains, pay "the rint," which his landlord squanders in London, Paris or Vienna.

EMMET'S ANNIVERSARY.

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago, who will celebrate the 117th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet at the Auditorium on March 4, have kept green the memory of the glorious young martyr, through sunshine and storm, for nearly a generation. Although, according to his dying request, his epitaph has remained unwritten, his name has not remained unspoken, nor has his gallant self sacrifice been forgotten by the people he sought to save. The oration this year will be pronounced by Alexander Sullivan, and without designing to flatter the orator selected, we may say that the subject of the life and death of Emmet could not have been placed in the hands of one better equipped to deal with it. The Auditorium is a gigantic hall, but THE CITIZEN ventures to predict that it will be packed upon that occasion. Mr. Finerty will preside and make the opening address. Mr. P. H. Keenan will read the address and resolutions, and the musical part of the programme will be all that can be desired.

'ER MAWJESTY'S "SPEECH."

If anything were needed to convince the most confiding of Irish political idiots that "Home Rule" is shelved by the Whigs, a glance at the speech put into the mouth of the aged Queen of England by "my lud" Rosebery ought to remove any lingering doubt. The question of home rule is studiously avoided, and in no place was it put forward at the opening of parliament last Tuesday except vaguely by the Whig leader of the house of commons, Sir William Vernon Harcourt. Reference is made to the "tranquility"—the deathlike tranquility—of Ireland under the rule of Mr. Secretary Morley, who certainly has not added to his reputation as a friend of the Irish tenant farmers during his tenor of office. He has, on too many occasions, lent the constabulary to the landlords, to aid in evicting the people—the deadliest crime that can be committed against Ireland, because it draws away her life blood. We are really sorry that Mr. Morley has so stultified himself, because we wished to hope against hope that at least one English statesman was sincere in his professions of friendship—apart from politics of any kind—toward the unhappy Irish tenant farmers.

Following is the portion of the "royal" speech that deals with Irish questions, and the proposed Welsh church disestablishment:

"My Lords and Gentlemen: I am happy to observe the striking fact that in Ireland offenses of all kinds against the law have sunk during the past year to the lowest level hitherto marked in the official records. Proposals will be submitted to you for remedying defects which experience has brought to light in the working of the law of landlord and tenant in Ireland, and for dealing with certain evicted tenants whose situation still constitutes peril to social order. A bill will be presented to you dealing with the church establishment in Wales. Bills will also be submitted for the popular control of the liquor traffic and the abolition of plural voting and a provision for the payment of the charges of returning officers at elections."

Even should the commons pass the bills indicated for Ireland, and the Welsh bill also, the Lords will veto them in the old fashion, and there is not a word in the speech that would indicate a desire on the part of the government to reform the House of Peers. Therefore, the Irish and the Welsh will be sold out by the truckling aristocratic government of Lord Rosebery.

Poor Mr. Justin McCarthy made a few observations in regard to the speech, and mildly suggested that the present would be a good time in which to extend clemency to the Irish political prisoners. Poor Mr. McCarthy! There was once an Irish leader who would have demanded amnesty as an alternative to kicking the Whigs out of office.

"ROASTING" TIM HEALY.

It is not often that we see a blazing denunciation of anybody in the pages of our esteemed contemporary, the Boston *Pilot*, but "Tim" Healy, with the faculty for "raising Cain" with himself and others which he possesses above all living men, has, at last, aroused the slow wrath of Editor Roche, who in last Saturday's issue scores him vigorously as follows

"Timothy M. Healy is the man who has stood for four years in the way of Irish unity. At last he has thrown off the mask of pretended loyalty and come out openly as a claimant to the leadership of the National cause. There is a plan for putting up 'Healyite' candidates in every electoral district of Ireland at the next general election, with the avowed purpose of wresting the leadership of the party from Mr. McCarthy and bestowing it upon Mr. Healy. Parnell, whose deposition, disgrace and death were due largely to the hostility of Mr. Healy, never proposed a more arrogant policy than this. He, at least, was one whom the world recognized as a leader of men. He, if anybody, might arrogate the role of dictator without provoking the ridicule of mankind; but like greater men, he dared too much and fell. If he was a Napoleon the Great, Mr. Healy is a Napoleon the Little. The return from Elba was sublime, but the demonstration at Boulogne was ridiculous. Mr. Healy shines alone as having pursued the dead leader beyond the grave and having won from Balfour the caustic tribute of not being afraid of any man, 'nor of any woman'; but he is not a Parnell nor a Napoleon, nor anything but a mischievous malcontent who aims to ruin if he cannot rule. He has antagonized nearly every man whom the Irish people trust and love. Archbishop Walsh, Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien, Blake, McCarthy—everybody who has not accepted his dictation, has been made the subject of his merciless assaults, until it has come to pass that 'aut Cæsar, aut nullus'—either Healy or nobody—shall dictate the policy of Irish nationalism."

A GREAT IRISH WIT.

His surroundings as an ecclesiastic doubtless prevented the late Rev. Father James Healy, parish priest of Little Bray, Ireland, from becoming as celebrated a wit as John Philpot Curran or Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Innumerable anecdotes are told concerning him, and all illustrate the rich gifts bestowed upon him by nature as well as by education. The late Father Tom Burke was a humorist, of the O'Connell type, pungent and racy of the soil, but even he did not equal the epigrammatic genius of Father Healy. Lord Ashburton, in a recent public utterance, says of the deceased clergyman: "I knew him for a quarter of a century; but he had many older and nearer friends, and I hope that one of them will write reminiscences of this brilliant, attractive and genuine Irishman. I have dined with him on several occasions in his house at Little Bray, and I can never forget the wonderful and hospitable entertainments. The number varied—sometimes eight, ten, twelve, even fourteen. The most varied guests met at his table. I have sat there at the same time with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Mgr. Persico, Archbishop Walsh, Lord Morris, Chief Baron Palles, Dr. Nedley, and others. His guests were always delighted to be there, and he was delighted to have them. One servant cooked the dinner and brought it to the table, and no one could tell how it happened—the attendance did for itself some way or other. His dear and lifelong friend, Dr. Nedley, was nearly always present. Once, I remember, when some officer of the Guards was dining with the Padre (as he was called), he looked round for a servant to take his coat and hat when he entered the house, and the host came forward smiling saying, 'You know those footmen all gave me notice, and left on the spot, when they heard that you were coming.' He was brilliant, quick as lightning in conversation, and never hesitated for a second to come out with a sparkling, genial *mot*.

"Sir Redvers Buller dined with him on one occasion when the other guests were Archbishop Walsh and eleven priests. Sir Redvers made a slight start when he saw he was the only layman. 'Never mind,' said Father Healy, 'the soutane is not worse than the Soudan.' Lord Plunket, the Protestant archbishop, lived during the summer at his residence, Old Connaught, in Little Bray, and some one asked the Padre how he got on with him. 'Very well,' he said, 'we are the best of friends. He is a good parishioner, but a little backward in his dues.' During one of his visits to Old Connaught, Lord Plunket, I am told, asked how he should take priests who came to join his church, and the prompt answer came, 'The best thing your Grace could do to boys of that kind would be to give them the pledge at once.'

"All Dubliners know Dalkey church—the Protestant one—built on an eminence, the greater part of which, immediately joining the church, is quarried away. Some people were chatting over the neighborhood and its beauties one day, and the site of the church was praised. A Protestant gentleman turned, smiling, to Father James and said, 'It is a church founded on a rock.' Like lightning came the genial assent, 'Yes; a blasted rock.' The owner of the great oyster establishment in Dublin was one day telling him of the musical accomplishments of his daughter, when the Padre, with hearty sympathy, said, 'She would be a regular oyster Patti.' He never talked politics, but he answered all questions with genial rapidity. On being asked what would Mr. Healy be when home rule came, he said at once, 'An old man.' I said to him, when living during a summer in his parish, 'I think I met your curate just now—rather stout.' He replied, 'That's he; I send him out as a sample, and keep the thin one at home.'

"Once a busybody asked him whether a friend of his was a good Catholic, and he got the answer, 'No better man; but a child could beat him at fasting.' He was once at Monte Carlo on a visit, and a friend tried to get him to enter the great room for play. 'Is it not like a Cathedral?' 'Ah,' said he, 'there is all the difference. In a Cathedral they pray for a man; here they prey on him.' His friends comprised all classes, rich and poor, old and young, Protestant and Catholic. He was a priest devoted to his church and to his flock; but his heart was big enough to include kind and loving feelings for all. His funeral was one of the largest and most representative held for many a day in Dublin, and it will be long before Father James passes from the memory of those who had the delight of knowing him."

IRISH-AUSTRALIAN PROVINCIALISM.

The British Imperial mania seems to have taken stronghold of our gigantic Australian contemporary, the Sydney, N. S. W., *Freeman's Journal*. In its calendar for 1895, it out-Britons the Britons themselves, although it is supposed to be an Irish-Australian newspaper. The frontispiece represents a florid-faced female "sperit," with extended wings, a hat on her head that looks as if it had been buffeted by our Board of Trade humorists on New Years' Day; the flag of the Southern Cross, with the Union Jack across the abdomen and knees, in apron fashion, wrapped around her stalwart person; on her right foot the Southern Cross and the Cross of St. George; on her left still another Union Jack, with the Irish flag and wreath of shamrocks immediately beneath it. Further down, on the right, is the Australian shield and, on the left, the Celtic Cross. On the central shield is this inscription:

"In Necessariis Unitas,
In Dubiis Libertas,
In Omnibus Charitas."

The foregoing is very fine, but we object to placing the Red so conspicuously above the Green, especially when it is by one of ourselves, as it were. The rust of provincialism seems to be eating into the soul of Irish nationality in every quarter of the globe. It would be better for the *Freeman* to ignore the Irish flag altogether than to give it a degraded position on its flaming calendar.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

The encyclical letter addressed by Pope Leo XIII to the Catholic prelates of the United States covers a wide range, and may be summarized as follows: "It recalls the fact that the Pope associated himself with the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, the evangelization of which was the first care of Columbus, and was realized by the Franciscan and Dominican monks and Jesuit fathers. After pointing out that the first Catholic bishop in America, Right Rev. John Carroll, was a great friend of George Washington, his Holiness shows how the episcopal councils, aided by the breadth of view and equity of American laws, assured the development of Catholic institutions in America. It was to contribute still more to this development that the Pope had founded the University of Washington, for it was of importance that Catholics should be in the front rank of education in the sciences—even the modern sciences, provided that they were harmonious with the integrity of the faith. To this end his Holiness exhorts all Catholics to do all in their power to encourage the progress of the University in Washington as well as the North American College in Rome. As regards the Apostolic delegation to the church in the United States, the Pope says that it was instituted with a view to drawing more closely together the bonds between the Catholics of America and the Holy See without in any way curtailing the powers of the bishops. His Holiness urges the American episcopate to put an end to strife, and to inculcate among the people the civil and religious virtues. The Pope treats of the unity and indissolubility of marriage; and arraigns divorce as a danger to the State. He also takes up the question of forbidden secret organizations. The Pope calls upon the bishops to turn aside the workingmen's associations from law-breaking and violence; to impress on Catholic journalists respect for authority and truth, and to reprove those journals which pass judgment upon episcopal acts; finally to turn the Protestants to Catholicity by charity, by instruction in the doctrine of the Catholic church, and by leading exemplary lives. In conclusion his Holiness recommends the sending of missionaries to the Indians."

LAST OF THE MARSHALS.

Marshal Canrobert, the last "Marshal of France," died in the French capital on Monday of last week. He bore a gallant record, clouded only by his misfortune in being subordinate to the traitor Bazaine at the disgraceful surrender of Metz in 1870. Canrobert, however, had nothing to do, in an authoritative sense, with that disgraceful business. Had he been wounded and disabled, as MacMahon was at Sedan, he would have escaped all the blame, but, at the moment of his death, the representatives of the French socialists in the National assembly have seen fit to assail his memory, and to combat the proposition to appropriate $4,000 for the purpose of a public funeral in his honor. The socialists might be better employed than in blackening the memory of a heroic warrior, who shed his blood for France before most of them had escaped from swaddling clothes. Canrobert was not a great general, but he was among the bravest of men, and, as such, ought to be honored by all his fellow-countrymen, and by brave men of all lands and races.

"Francois Certain Canrobert was born June 17, 1809, of a good family, not in Brittany, as has been frequently stated, but at St. Cere, in the department of the Lot. He entered the military school at St. Cyr in 1826, and, having distinguished himself there, joined the army as a private soldier. He saw much service in Africa.

"Louis Napoleon, when president, appointed Canrobert one of his aids-de-camp, and shortly after the wholesale proscription and imprisonment, which followed the coup d'etat of Dec. 7, 1851, gave him a commission and very extensive powers to visit the prisons and select objects of his clemency. Upon the formation of the Army of the East in 1854 he was appointed to the command of the first division in the Crimea. His troops took part in the battle of the Alma, and he was himself wounded by a splinter of a shell, which struck him on the breast and hand.

"Marshal St. Arnaud resigned six days after the first battle in the Crimea, and the command of the Army of the East was transferred to General Canrobert. Although commander-in-chief, General Canrobert was again in the thickest of the fight of Inkerman, Nov. 5, and while heading the impetuous charge of the Zouaves was slightly wounded and had a horse killed under him. In May, 1855, finding that impaired health no longer permitted him to hold the chief command in the Crimea, he resigned to Gen. Pelissier, and soon after returned to France. He was treated with great distinction by Emperor Napoleon, and was sent on a mission to the courts of Denmark and Sweden.

"At the beginning of the Italian war in 1859, General Canrobert received the command of the Third Corps of the Army of the Alps. He exposed himself to great danger at Magenta and Solferino and had to effect a movement which brought valuable assistance to General Niel. General Canrobert was afterwards made a Marshal of France, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and an Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. In June, 1862, he commanded at the camp of Chalons, and succeeded Marshal de Castellano in command of the Fourth Corps d'Armee at Lyons, Oct. 14. Subsequently he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of Paris.

"At the time of the declaration of war by France against Prussia, in 1870, he had the command of an army corps. Marshal Canrobert was shut up in Metz with Marshal Bazaine, and on the capitulation of that fortress he was sent prisoner into Germany. After the preliminaries of peace had been signed he returned to France, where he met with a favorable reception from M. Thiers, who did not, however, appoint him to any command."

SO WARD MCALLISTER is dead! Why is it not permitted the 400 of Gotham to weep? Fashionable fools never cry. That would be human, and, therefore, impolite. Ward McAllister devoted his life to the development of trifles. He was the American Beau Brummel. Well, he is dead, and the fool killer will find it hard to find his like again. However, let the poor thing rest in peace, with this rather contradictory epitaph on his tomb—Vive la bagatelle!

WHEN the A.P.A. convention of Montana sent a message to the Hon. Thomas H. Carter, senator-elect, asking him what was his creed, he replied by telegraph, "I am twenty-one years old and an American citizen." This epigrammatic reply squelched the bigots.

That Tired Feeling which is so common and so overpowering, is entirely driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes weakness.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c a box.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES DELANEY.

Mr. James Delaney, long a prominent citizen of Spring Valley, Ill., where he was a leader among the coal miners, was killed at Newcastle, Colo., on Monday of last week by an explosion in a mine of which he was superintendent. He was in the thirty-eighth year of his age and was to have been married within a few weeks to an estimable young lady of Peru, Ill. The remains were brought back to Spring Valley, and were interred, on Friday of last week, beside those of the mother of the deceased in the Catholic cemetery. Mr. Delaney was a thorough Irish Nationalist, and a patriotic American citizen as well. The estimation in which he was held was abundantly displayed by the large gathering of friends and acquaintances at his funeral.

MR. WILLIAM FLETCHER.

Mr. William Fletcher, who was connected with the Chicago Board of Trade as weigher for many years, and who was highly esteemed by his employers, and all who knew him, died at his home, No. 3254 Lowe avenue, on Wednesday of last week in the 42d year of his age. He was born in the county Tipperary, Ireland, and came to America twenty-years ago, settling in Chicago. He leaves a wife and family to mourn his loss. Mr. Fletcher was married to a sister of the Rev. Father Scanlan, of this city, and he has a sister, Mrs. Patrick McKenna, residing here. The funeral occurred on the morning of Friday week from the residence to Nativity church, where solemn high mass was celebrated, with the Rev. J. P. Dore of Holy Name Cathedral as celebrant, Rev. D. Hayes of the Church of St. Rose of Lima as deacon, Rev. P. Gilden of St. James' as sub-deacon, and Rev. H. Van Pelt of St. James' master of ceremonies. The Rev. P. Scanlan of Nativity church preached the sermon, speaking most touchingly of the strong faith and ardent devotion to church duties of the deceased. In the sanctuary were the Rev. H. J. Mooney, and the Rev. J. McCormack. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. Requiescat in pace.

MR. M. W. STACKPOLE.

M. W. Stackpole died at his home in Alameda, Cal., on Jan. 15, in the 52d year of his age. He took a prominent and active part in the Fenian movement in Ireland, in March, 1867. If every Irishman in Ireland did as Mr. Stackpole at that time there would not be as many red-coats in Ireland today. His remains were removed from Alameda to San Francisco, where they lay in state, at the K.R.B. hall for two days and two nights. Not since the death of Terence Bellew McManus has an Irishman died more deeply regretted or highly respected than was Mr. Stackpole. He was a profound thinker, a distinguished Irishman, and, above all, a consistent, ardent Irish Nationalist. During the two days and nights that his body was exposed at K.R.B. hall hundreds of his countrymen, who loved him living and revere him dead, met around his bier, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow—joy for his great deeds, tears for his untimely taking off—to pay an affectionate tribute to his memory.

View his life in what light we may there were in it many great qualities. In the words of one who knew him intimately, "Brother Stackpole's life was one of which every Irishman may well feel proud; no word or act of his can bring the blush of shame to any Irishman's cheek." He knew no parties or factions, the Irish cause alone absorbed his thought. In Irish affairs he was bold, positive, aggressive; on all occasions he had convictions, and the courage born of them. He was no mere time server. He hated sham. He despised hypocrisy. He always stood square to all the winds that blew. In him there was no tinkling brass, no sounding symbal. Less of the chaff and stubble, which analysis reduces to dust. More of the pure gold which passes through the furnace purified and refined, than is common to the lot of man. Truth honesty, and uprightness combined with unselfish patriotism, to him was the measure of the man.

In these times when superficiality oft passes for patriotism, and when men follow every new departure, because of its novelty, it is grand to contemplate a character like his, brave enough and strong enough to resist that which for a time seems popular. In Mr. Stackpole Ireland has lost a son who was faithful unto the end. Well may it be said of him, the elements were so blended in him that nature might say to the whole world "This was a man." His funeral was one of the most solemn and impressive that ever wended its way to Calvary cemetery. The Emmet Guard band discoursed sweet and solemn music, as the procession proceeded on its way to the place of rest. At the head of the procession came the K.R.B. Rifles, Capt. J. Sheehy commanding; Company E, Third Regiment, National Guard of California, came next, following the Knights of the Red Branch, of which the deceased was one of the first members.

The following prominent citizens were pall-bearers: J. J. O'Brien, Matt O'Donnell, Michael Flannery, J. J. Caniffe, Col. P. Boland, Thomas Bannerman, Thomas Lyons, H. Spencer. A long line of carriages containing many of the prominent men and women of San Francisco followed the hearse to the cemetery. At the grave the K.R.B. Rifles fired three volleys as a parting salute to their departed brother. Thomas Desmond, of Catalphain fame, made all the arrangements for the funeral, according to the dying request of Mr. Stackpole, which was that he desired to be buried by the Knights of the Red Branch.

If in another world there is a pious mansion for the blessed; if, as the wisest men have thought, the soul is not extinguished with the body, mayst thou, Brother Stackpole, forever enjoy a state of eternal felicity! From that station behold thy disconsolate country; exalt our minds from fond regret and unavailing grief to the contemplation of thy virtues. We will cherish thy memory, we will embalm it with our praises, and, if conditions will permit, we will emulate thy example, as the true mark of our respect, the last tribute we can offer to thy memory. Peace to thy soul. Long shall it be e'er we behold thy like again.—*Irish Republic.*

"THE LEINSTER TRIBUTE."

Mr. T. O'Neill Russell Lectures Before a Large and Appreciative Audience in Dublin.

He Talks at Considerable Length on the Historic Province of the Tribute.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

cient Gaelic as Mr. Stokes could not interpret; and besides the poetry contains passages of great beauty and pathos. There is probably nothing in the whole mass of ancient literature, not excepting even that of Greece and Rome, which for pathos, dramatic power, originality and versatility can surpass this unique remnant of ancient Irish literature, which through the combined influence of carelessness, prejudice and death-like apathy on the part of the Irish people, had remained unknown and unheeded for centuries, and was translated and published only a few years ago. Had such a gem of history and song existed in any European language save Gaelic, every cultured man in Christendom would have been acquainted with it centuries ago.

There are two instances of self-sacrifice mentioned in this wondrous tract relating to the Boramha or Tribute, which deserve especial notice. Mr. O'Grady, in his translation of it, passes them over in silence, but Mr. Stokes draws especial attention to them. The incidents are as follows:

A head King or Emperor of Ireland, who reigned in the sixth century of our era, was named Hugh. His son, Cumasgach, was the heir-apparent. He was a bad boy, as will be easily seen. He took it into his head that he would visit the courts or duns of the provincial rulers or kings and make insulting proposals to their wives. We are not told how he fared until he reached the residence of Bran Dubh, King of Leinster, who lived near Baltinglass, in the present county of Wicklow. Bran had heard of Cumasgach's intentions, and was determined "to fix" him. He dressed himself in the garments of a slave, and ordered his people to tell Cumasgach that he had gone over the sea to Britain to collect his Tribute there. Mrs. Bran Dubh took Cumasgach out to the cook house, which evidently was a large wooden building detached from the dwelling-house, and showed him and his attendants the great joint of meat that were being prepared for them. At a signal given by Mrs. Bran Dubh, who, in the meantime, had slipped out of the building, a trap-door fell, and none were inside but Cumasgach and one of his attendants named Glasdaimh. Then the house was set on fire. "Who is burning the house on me?" cried Cumasgach. "'Tis I," cried Bran Dubh, making himself known. "Bran Dubh,' cried Glasdaimh, "you know me; I have eaten your food; would you play treachery on me?" "No," said Bran Dubh, and he told Glasdaimh how he could escape from the burning house. "Do you hear that?" said Glasdaimh to Cumasgach. "Here, put my clothes on you. they will not know you in them, and will think it is I who am escaping." So the poor attendant, Glasdaimh, was burned, and Cumasgach, his master, escaped, but only to be killed in a few hours by one of Bran Dubh's retainers, to whom he made himself known. When the chief king, Hugh, heard of the killing of his son he invaded Leinster with an immense army, and then occurred the battle of Dunbolg, on the borders of Wicklow and Kildare, one of the most extraordinary ever fought. Bran Dubh could not get together enough men to oppose the forces of the Ard Righ, or chief king. He was, however, equal to the occasion. He got 3,000 oxen, put two hanging panniers on each of them, put a warrior armed with a short sword and, of course, a shield, into each basket; put bacon, meal or some other sort of provisions on top of the panniers or hampers, so that it would be thought that there was nothing in them but provisions. The 3,000 oxen were driven into the camp of the imperial forces in the middle of the night; when challenged by the men on watch, their drivers said they were the provision carriers of the army of the chief king. The loaded oxen were admitted into the camp; the hidden warriors jumped out, and one of the most awful battles recorded in Irish history commenced. The forces of the chief king, in spite of their much greater numbers, were cut to pieces, and the chief king himself slain. The Leinstermen paid no Tribute that year.

The other incident of self-sacrifice recorded in this tract is of a King of Connacht named Ailill. He made an unjust war against another province and was defeated in battle. When fleeing from the field he ordered his charioteer to look back and tell him if his people were being slaughtered. "The slaughter of your people is intolerable," replied the charioteer. "Turn the chariot," said Ailill; "face my enemies: when they kill me they will be satisfied and will cease slaughtering my people." The charioteer did as he was directed; Ailill was killed; the slaughter of his people ceased; but we are not told what became of the charioteer.

The intense hatred between Leinster and Meath (the province under the direct authority of the chief king) engendered by this horrible Tribute, is almost inconceivable. That hatred remained in all its terrible intensity for over a thousand years. The introduction of Christianity seems to have been utterly powerless to stop it, for Leoghaire MacNeill, the chief king contemporary with St. Patrick, and who was converted to Christianity, was one of the most terrible foes the Leinstermen ever had. They had often thrashed him about the Tribute, and had even taken him prisoner, and spared his life; but even in death he was their enemy, for we are told in the Leabhar na h-Uidhre that when he was "killed by the elements his body was interred with his warrior weapons in the southeast rampart of the Royal Rath of Laoghaire at Tara; and his face was turned south against the Leinstermen, as if fighting with them, for he had been their enemy when he was alive."

One of the first, if not the very first, convert that St. Patrick made in Ireland, was a man named Dubhthach. He seems to have been a good Christian, but it is probable that he was a better Leinsterman than a Christian, for he has left us a poem in praise of his native province, which for intense nationality, laudation of Leinster, contempt for the other provinces, and power of language cannot be equalled by anything in the whole immense mass of ancient Irish literature. The poem and translation may have been seen in O'Curry's "MS Materials of Irish History." Dubhthach says that, "except the hosts of heaven round the Creator, there never was a host like the Leinstermen round Criomhthan," and that the war-cry of the Leinstermen should ever be "Moradh Laighen, milleadh Midhe"—"the magnification of Leinster, the destruction of Meath," for Meath, together with the whole North of Ireland, represented the chief king to whom the Leinster Tribute was to be paid. It is very curious that even to the present day whenever there are wrestling matches in the Phœnix Park, Dublin and Kildare are always pitted against Meath, showing that the remembrance of the Tribute has not even yet quite vanished.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Tribute had been remitted by the overking, Fionnachta in the seventh century, attempts were frequently made to reimpose it on the unfortunate province afterwards. It is popularly believed that the banishment of Dermot MacMurrough and the consequent invasion of Ireland by the Anglo-French was brought about by his *liason* with the wife of O'Ruarc. I take a different view of the matter. It was not until thirteen years after the affair with O'Ruarc's wife that Dermot was banished. The facts seem to be that the other provinces thought it was time to re-impose the Tribute on Leinster, and they wanted to get rid of Dermot, who was a very warlike man, and who would fight to the bitter end in defense of his kingdom. The military power of the Danes in Ireland seems to have been almost entirely broken at Clontarf, and after it they gave the Irish very little trouble, and were unable to help their allies, the Leinstermen. If we read carefully between the lines of history we cannot fail to see that the banishment of Dermot MacMurrough arose from no sentimental feeling about his having violated the sanctity of marriage, but from the sordid one of getting him out of the way in order that the hateful Tribute might be more easily re-imposed on the unfortunate province of Leinster. Many attempts had been made to reimpose it after Fionnachta remitted it in the seventh century. The learned and pious Cormac McCullinnan, King of Munster and Archbishop of Cashel, seems to have had no object in going to war with Leinster in the tenth century but to make that province pay him his share of the Tribute. It is hinted in Irish annals that he was forced against his will by some influential men of his own province into war with Leinster. His army was defeated and he himself killed at the terrible battle of Ballach Moon, in the present county of Carlow in the year 908.

It is to be hoped that people will not become disgusted with Irish history, and think it contains nothing but a catalogue of battles and murders. They should remember that the ancient history of all countries is, for the most part, a record of battles. They should remember that Greece was for a thousand years as much of an internecine battle-ground as ever Ireland was; but the strife of Greeks among themselves did not prevent them from creating works of art or from producing a literature that shall serve as models of perfection to the end of time. Ireland, too, in spite of her internal commotions and unspeakable political misfortunes of almost every kind, created a literature that must, if we can judge by the remnant that is left of it, have been of colossal magnitude. But ancient Ireland has left us something which ancient Greece, with all her transcendent genius, has failed to bequeath us—something more enduring than the mightiest works of architecture, or the most perfect specimens of sculpture; for the music of ancient Ireland shall, by its incomparable pathos, melt the hearts of multitudes in the far distant future, when the choicest models of Grecian art shall have ceased to exist, and when even the Acropolis and the Parthenon shall have crumbled into dust.

THE EMMET ANNIVERSARY.

The committee of arrangements for the celebration of Emmet's Anniversary, to be held at the Auditorium on March 4, held a meeting at 56 State street last Sunday afternoon. Encouraging reports were received from the various subcommittees. The committee on talent presented a report that evoked unusual enthusiasm. In addition to the speaker, Alexander Sullivan, and the chairman, John F. Finerty, whose acceptance was announced at the last meeting of the committee, the services of Clarence Eddy, organist, and Madam Carusi of New York, have been secured. The committee asked for further time to complete the programme, which promises to excell anything that has hitherto been done by the Irish Nationalists of Chicago. It is expected that the programme will be in the hands of the printer in a few days.

Napoleon's First Captivity.

Napoleon was kept in captivity but thirteen days. Salicetti found it easier than he had apparently supposed to exculpate himself from the charge either of participating in Robespierre's conspiracy or of having brought about the Corsican insurrection. More than this, he found himself firm in the good graces of the Thermidorians, among whom his old friends Barras and Freron were held in high esteem. It would therefore be a simple thing to liberate Gen. Bonaparte, if only a proper expression of opinion could be secured from him. The clever prisoner had it ready before it was needed. To the faithful Junot he wrote a kindly note declining to be rescued by a body of friends organized to storm the prison or scale its walls. Such a course would have compromised him further.

But to the "representatives of the people" he wrote in language which finally committed him for life. He explained that in a revolutionary epoch there are but two classes of men, patriots and suspects. It could easily be seen to which class a man who had fought both intestine and foreign foes belonged. "I have sacrificed residence in my department, I have abandoned all my goods, I have lost all for the republic. Since then I have served at Toulon with some distinction, and I have deserved a share with the army of Italy in the laurels it earned at the taking of Saorgio, Oneglia and Tanaro. On the discovery of Robespierre's conspiracy my conduct was that of a man accustomed to regard nothing but principle." The letter concludes with a passionate appeal to each one separately and by name for justice and restoration. "An hour later, if the wicked want my life, I will gladly give it to them, I care so little for it, I weary so often of it! Yes; the idea that it may be still useful to my country is all that makes me bear the burden with courage."—*Prof. Sloane's Life of Napoleon in the February Century.*

THE ANVIL'S SONG.

A Ballad of '67.

BY NED OF THE HILL.

The "Gow's" old forge is ablaze tonight;
red sparks fly out the door;
The boys are clustering round the hob,
"Big Nick" upon the floor.
The sledge he wields; the iron yields to
his stout and smashing blow;
The rafters ring to that sledge's ding,
and the "Gow" beats time, ho! ho!
And the anvil's song
Is "To right a wrong
With a ringing, swinging blow."

Out in the night on the heather'd hills
they tread as moonbeams light,
And Rory waits in the lonely glen to
drill them for the fight,
No sounds of cheers fall on the ears;
"the boys" are to duty true,
A martial mass in silence pass, as the
sun dissolving dew.
And their marching songs
Were to right her wrongs
And to be to Ireland true.

Brave were the hearts of those Fenians
bold, the "boys" of '67;
Nor sordid love was theirs I trow, nor
selfishness could leaven
The *gra* they bore the Irish shore: It sets
our cheeks aglow,
And cries, "Strike out!" in a fearless
shout, "with a ringing, swinging
blow."
And their marching song
Was "to right a wrong,
With a slashing, smashing blow."

And when the hour for action came,
with the Green Flag in the breeze,
For to right their native land they swore
to God on bended knees,
As pure that oath was wafted up as
zephyrs from the sea:
Those "boys," so brave, their land they'd
save, and set Ould Ireland free.
For their anvil's songs
Were to right her wrongs,
And to set Ould Ireland free.

Low in the dust is the old Green Flag,
and we crushed down as slaves,
While above our land incarnadine a
blood-red banner waves.
Bold Irishmen of cliff and glen, you cannot have sunk so low.
Rise! and fight for a Nation's right with
a slashing, smashing blow.
Be your anvil's song
For "to right her wrong
With a slashing, smashing blow."

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The Irish-American Lyceum will meet Monday evening, Feb. 11, at 8:30 o'clock at Columbian hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets. P. F. Holden will deliver an address on, "Is Ireland Poor?" A discussion on "How to Stop Emigration" will follow. Tickets can be had free by applying to

JOHN J. SHERLOCK, Sec.

The Irish Tongue.

The prospect of the spread, growth and study of the Irish language in America is being kept close watch on by the British press. It certainly must be a menace to them.

The London *Times* writing on the subject of the Irish in America (May 14, 1860), said: "There will be again an Ireland, but a colossal Ireland and an Ireland placed in the new world. We shall have only pushed the Celt westward; ceasing for the future to be imprisoned between the Liffey and Shannon, he will spread from New York to San Francisco. We must gird our loins to encounter the nemesis of seven centuries of misgovernment. To the end of time a hundred millions of people, spread over the largest habitable area in the world and confronting us everywhere by sea and land, will remember that their forefathers paid tithes to the Protestant clergy, rent to the absentee landlords and were forced to obedience to the laws which these had made."—*Catholic Sun.*

Hope Crushed to Earth

Will rise again in the bosom of a dyspeptic wise enough to substitute for the pseudo-tonics, which have bamboozled him out of his belief in the possibility of cure, the real invigorant and stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The bilious, the nervous, the dyspeptic, the rheumatic alike derive speedy benefit from this helpful botanic medicine. Persons suffering from indigestion will gain no positive permanent good from the fiery, unmedicated stimulants of commerce, too often used recklessly. The Bitters is immeasurably to be preferred to these as a tonic, since its pure basis is modified by the conjunction with it of vegetable ingredients of the highest remedial excellence. Malaria is prevented and remedied by it, and it infuses vigor into the weak and sickly. A wineglassful three times a day is the average dose.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1895.

The Oldest Established Irish-American Journal of the Great Northwest.

The Faithful Champion of Irish Independence and American Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs.

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions for 1895, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland" containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folklore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and back.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary" bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc., made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, fullustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber for 1895, "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time from the receipt of this circular, and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.50 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each.

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That is what it is when traveling on the fast trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway: besides there is no chance to "kick," for the accommodations are up to date, the trains keep moving right along and get there on time. These lines thoroughly cover the territory between Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Yankton, Council Bluffs, Omaha and Northern Michigan. All the principal cities and towns in that territory are reached by the "St. Paul" lines, connecting at St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for points in the far west. Write to F. A Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., for one of their new map time tables and a brochure giving a description of the Compartment Sleeping Cars. Tickets furnished by any coupon ticket agent in the United States and Canada. The finest dining-cars in world are run on the solid vestibuled, electric-lighted and steam-heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

SEVENTH INFANTRY.

The reunion which took place on Saturday night was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the kind the Seventh has ever had. There were about four hundred members present, and Major Carroll had made abundant preparations to entertain them all in the most superb style; indeed the commissary department was so full there were suspicions that Major Carroll had been on a foraging expedition the night before. The following programme was well rendered: Duet—Violin and Flute, Corporal Leonard and Carroll; Song—"There's Just as Good Boys in the Seventh To-day," Sergt. Casey; Recitation—"The Seventh's Low and Ace," Private Marshall; Ventriloquism, Professor Kayne; Song—"Tommy Atkins," Lieutenant O'Neil; Recitation—"Jimmy Butler and the Owl," Private Stanton; Song—"Seventh Regiment," Private Long; Song—"Mrs. McSorely's Twins," Private Maloney.

"Paddy" Powell presided at the piano during the evening. Private J. R. Carroll gave a very interesting exhibition of mind reading. Privates Kane and Murphy gave an exhibition of the manly art of self defense. They fought six rounds; honors were about even. Lieutenant Gallagher acted as timekeeper.

Colonel Colby made the speech of the evening, in which he congratulated the officers and men on securing an armory. He said he had confidence in the men of the regiment in the present crisis. That every man would put his shoulder to the wheel and that we would succeed in getting the other four companies; that they would triumph over this difficulty as they did over others, just as great, in the past. He said that the Seventh was the only representative Irish Regiment in the United States, and therefore brings upon the present members greater responsibility. Judging from the applause which the Colonel's remarks elicited, the members are determined to keep the Seventh Irish; and in years to come, when the Seventh will be the greatest Regiment in America, those men who have stood by her colors now will be proud to tell how they helped to raise four companies for the Seventh Illinois, and thereby secured for the Irish people a thorough representative Irish Regiment in Chicago.

The most laughable portion of the entertainment was the introduction of a so-called negro battalion, under the command of the Sergeant Major. The following members composed the negro battalion: Corporals Henry and Tobin, Privates Coyne, Hanly and Craig. The Sergeant-Major personated Major Bucker drilling the colored warriors, who executed his commands in the most ludicrous manner imaginable. The joke was thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

The most successful reunion the Regiment has ever had was brought to a close by every one standing up and singing "God Save Ireland." Lieutenant Ryan acted as chairman during the entertainment. He performed the duties of the office in an able and efficient manner.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

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THE PRESENT DUTY

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Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

RUDDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY.

is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTAL ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Robt Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

St. Kiernan and His Monks.

[The Ciarán (pronounced Kiarán), here mentioned is the elder St. Ciaran of Saigher, in Ossory, who preached the Gospel in Ireland before the arrival of St. Patrick. He is called the elder Ciaran to distinguish him from his namesake St. Ciaran of Clonmacnoise who flourished in the early part of the sixth century. This curious piece is found in the Transactions of the Ossianic Society, Vol. II. published in Dublin in 1855, where it is said to be from an unpublished manuscript Life of St. Ciaran.]

Agus do thionsgain Ciarán áitreabhadh mar dhithreabhach 'san ionad sin, óir do bhí sé air timchioll do chollitibh móra an tan sin: agus do thionsgain air d-tús sealla beaga do dheanamh de obair dearóil, agus ann sin do thionsgain mainistir agus cathair fá dheoigh, maille le grásaibh Dé, dá'r bh' ainm Saighir Chiaráin ag cách a g-coitchinne. Agus an tan tháinig Ciarán air d-tús ann sin, do sluigh air sgáith crainn, agus d'eirigh ó'n taebh eile do'n chrann tore allta ro-chuithigh, agus mar do chonnaire Ciarán do theith sé, agus d'iompaigh aris mar shearbhfhóghanta ceannsa do Chiarán, air n-a dheanamh min ó Dhia; agus do b'é an tore sin céad deisciobal agus céad mbanach do bhí ag Ciarán san ionad sin, agus do chuaidh fá'n g-coill agus do bhuain slata agus tuighe idir a fhlaclaibh mar chongnamh chum an t-sealla. Ní raibh, tráith, duine a bh-fochair Chiaráin an tan sin: óir is ann a aenfhear ó n-a dheisciobalibh tháinig sé chum na dithreabhachta sin. Tangadar iar sin ainmbiolta eigcialida chum Chiaráin as gach árd a rabhadar do'n fhásach .i. Sionnach, agus Broc, agus Mactire, agus Eilit; agus do bhádar ceannsa do Chiarán, agus d'úmhladar d'á theagasg mar mhanachaibh, agus do ghnidis gach nidh a dearadh riu. Lá de d-táinig an sionnach do bhí an-mhianach, cealgach, mailiseach, chum bróg Chiaráin, agus do ghoid iad, agus do sheachain an chóimthional, agus do chuaidh roimhe d'á uamhadh féin, agus do shantaigh sé na bróga d'itheadh ann sin. Air n-a fhoillseadh sin do Chiarán do chuir manach eile d'á mbuintir .i. an broc, air cheann an t-sionnaigh d'á thabhairt gus an ionad céadna, agus táinig an broc go h-uaimh an t-sionnaigh, agus do fuair ag itheadh na m-bróg é; otr d'naidh sé a g-cluasa agus a n-ialla; agus do choimh-eignidh an broc é um theacht leis chum na mainistreach, agus tangadar uim trathnóna go Ciarán, agus na bróga leo.

Do ráidh Ciarán ris an t-sionnach, "a bhráthair, créad uim a n-deárna tá an ghaduigheacht úd nach ar dhe-mhaiseach do mhanach a dhéanamh; óir atá uisge neamh-mhaiseach againn is an g-coitchinn, agus atá biadh manan g-céadna; agus dá d-tugadh de nádúr ort go m-ba feárrde leat feoil do chaithéamh, do dhéanadh Dia dhuit do chroiceannaibh na g-crann so ad' thimchioll i?" Agus d'iarr an sionnach ann sinn air Chiarán logha a pheachadh, agus breithemhnas aithrighe do cheangal air. Agus do rinneadh amhla, agus nior ith an sionnach biadh go bh-fuair cead ó Chiarán, agus do bhí sé fir-senda ó sin amach mar chéch.

The translation of the above will appear next week.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Manager Prior, of the Schiller, is certainly fortunate in exactly suiting the public demand for agreeable change. High class comedy-drama is the attraction at the Schiller next week, the bill being Edwin Milton Royle's delightful play, "Friends." Royle, who early in his career was acknowledged a brilliant dramatist, wrote this intensely interesting comedy, which has brought him to the front rank among the dramatic stars of the stage to-day. In its leading character, that of John Paden, Jr., a modern poet, he has won distinction as an actor, and as a strikingly effective and finished dramatic artist, there is no greater favorite with the public than Edwin Milton Royle. He is supported by a strong New York company, organized expressly for the production of "Friends," which when last here made a great hit and added to a popularity that has steadily increased since its first production two seasons ago. Indeed "Friends" may justly be said to have realized a phenomenal success from the very first. The play will be presented in an exceptionally handsome manner, with picturesque scenery, and the ladies of the cast will be seen in a succession of rich and elegant costumes of the very latest fashion. The first performance of "Friends" is on Sunday evening, Feb. 10.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1895. Katharina Thennes vs. Carl Thennes. In Chancery. No. 147,366.

Notice is hereby given to the said Carl Thennes that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook county, on the first Monday of May A. D. 1895 as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

John McKeough, Complt's Solr.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF JAMES STANSFIELD CLEARY, deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of James Stansfield Cleary, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, at the office of the purpose of having the same adjusted at the next said court, to be held at the Probate room in the City of Chicago, in said County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1895 being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, January 15, 1895.

WILLIAM TEMPLETON, Administrator.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

AD DOROTHEAM.

I know where there is honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine,
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
That only wait small hands to intertwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad.
The house is bright with blossoms high and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro.
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight
On this high day, the holiest and best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
Made me of men most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose
And toddle with it to another belle,
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
To waste no love on any youthful rover.
All youths are rovers, I assure thee, miss.
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay.
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.

—W. E. Gladstone.

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Although the time was long past midnight, lights were still gleaming from behind the shutters of the little blind alehouse hard by the Reading road, not far from Winchester, and Captain Jacobus, riding gently up, judged it prudent to enter by the back door in consequence. The inn was a house of call for the captain and the landlord a creature of his own, but at a time when detachments of Oromwell's soldiers were rough riding the country it behooved a gentleman of the road to use caution. Indeed, in the estimation of Captain Jacobus, it was no insignificant item in the long score held by him against the commonwealth that a king's gentleman should sometimes be compelled to sneak into his inn by a menial entrance. After stabling his horse the captain entered the kitchen, where the landlord, a little dark remnant of a man, with a short pipe between his teeth, was going to and fro busying himself amid a litter of empty bottles and greasy plates. Stopping short in his employment, the landlord nodded to his patron without a word, at the same time jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the half door, above which a square of the paneled wall of the inn parlor was visible. Captain Jacobus, without further hesitation, walked promptly into the parlor.

The long, low, red curtained room was brilliantly lit with a wasteful profusion of candles, a huge fire of wood roared in the ingle, and standing side by side, with their backs to the blaze, were two very tall, loosely hung men, dressed in the decent black garb and falling white collar affected by the Presbyterian ministers of the day. Save that the elder man had white hair and wore a beard, while the younger was clean shaven and almost bald, so that his great head glistened like a moist egg in the firelight, the two resembled each other in every particular.

Captain Jacobus took off his hat with a sweeping gesture and began, with some show of deliberation, to unbuckle and to lay upon the table his sword and pistols. The two parsons returned the salute with a grave inclination, the younger bowing just a fraction of time behind the elder, after a momentary glance at him, as if (thought the captain) the junior had so lively a habit of subservience to the senior that he manifested it unconsciously, even in the most trivial actions. Captain Jacobus disposed himself comfortably upon the settle against the wall and called for wine. Opposite to him, upon the high backed settle in the ingle nook, the travelers' saddles were piled together with their riding cloaks and great slouched hats.

"You travel late for gentlemen of the cassock," remarked the captain. "Have you no fear of highwaymen?"

"We put our trust in the sword of the Lord," replied the elder clergyman piously.

"And of Gideon," echoed the younger in a thin, high voice, extremely out of keeping with his bulk.

"Spoken very godly, and a mighty pretty sentiment!" observed the captain, rolling his liquor on his tongue. "And yet it seems to me you run something of a risk notwithstanding."

"My son and I," returned the old man, with much tranquillity, "shoulder to shoulder have bested the devil these many years past."

"Yea, even when he traveleth abroad in the guise of a robber!" the other chimed in cheerfully.

"Ah," said the captain, "but perhaps you never met Captain Jacobus, the cavalier who rules this very road from Reading to Winchester. They say he hath a very deadly spite against Puritans. The parliament dispossessed him of all estate, I've heard, and he vowed the pragmatical rebels should pay for it among them." Pausing to sip his wine, the speaker eyed the two parsons over the edge of his glass. They returned his gaze in silence, with a watchful attention. "He has a mighty pleasant way with him, so I'm told, that Captain Jacobus," pursued the captain, "none of your common stand and deliver methods for him, but all manner of pretty knacks and strange devices. Why, now, just to give you an example: Suppose he was sitting where I sit now." The speaker paused a moment, but the two big clergymen did not move so much as an eyelid. "It's likely he would propose a game at the cards to you two gentlemen. Down you would have to sit with him, willy nilly, you see, and inside of an hour I'll wager he would have won the very coat off your backs, all by pure skill, you understand. No violence at all. And, talking of cards," said the captain briskly, with a sudden change of tone, "what do you say to a game? Come, landlord, a clean pack!"

The highwayman rose, moved an elbow chair to the table, and looking at the two parsons with a very eloquent expression of countenance sat absently fingering his pistols.

"I am exceeding sorry, sir. It is impossible that I should pleasure you in so carnal a diversion," said the old man mildly, "and, setting aside the claims of my holy office, I know not one painted toy from t'other. I will ask you to pardon me. We have ridden far today," and with a courteous gesture he sat down upon the settle in the chimney corner, and leaning back upon the bundle of cloaks and saddles closed his eyes and folded his hands.

"And you, sir? Come, doff the priesthood for an hour. Unchain the old Adam and give him a run! Trust me, you will be a world the better for so self denying an exercise. What, 'tis not so long since you were in college that your fingers have forgot the feel of the cards, so glossy and ticklish, I'll warrant. Sit down, young man, and cut for the deal, like a saint of sense!"

The momentary silence that followed was broken by a tiny click as the captain cooked a pistol.

The bald young man started slightly at the sound, the recumbent figure on the settle opened its eyes, and the two exchanged a glance so rapid as to be scarcely perceptible.

"Sir," answered the young man earnestly, "you touch me nearer than you know. I am naturally eager for social divertisements, and, I own, it seems hard that a single traveler like yourself must sit and twiddle his thumbs because his fellow guests chance to be clergymen. Yet see how it is. Before I was a man grown I gave my word to my father never again to touch the cards."

"Johnny," broke in the old gentleman, "I give you back your word. Do as your conscience bids you and call to remembrance the house of Rimmon, sonny."

"Nay," said the captain pleasantly, "say no more, say no more. I would not be an occasion of stumbling to any. It would be a thousand pities to risk a sojourn in hell for the sake of a trumpery game of cards," and cocking the other pistol he laid one on either side of him.

The bald young man, a good deal flustered, drew up a chair and sat down, wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead with his coat cuff.

"It becomes my turn to entreat the pleasure, although, I fear, you will find me but a dull opponent," he said, with a ghastly attempt at urbanity. "Come, sir, let us to't. I am heartily glad of the opportunity."

"No, no," said the captain, shuffling the cards. "Y'are forcing yourself out of sheer good nature. I see it. I will have no man blacken his record in heaven for me!"

"Not a jot, not a tittle," returned the other, with an obsequious alacrity, "and I take it greatly as a favor you should play with so rusty an amateur."

"Well, have it as you will, then," said the captain, "and what shall we call the stakes?"

"Shall we say Jacobuses?" said the bald young man smoothly.

A doubt crossed the mind of Captain Jacobus, and he looked up sharply at the speaker. But the bald young man was laboriously dealing the cards, his white face creased in a fatuous smile, and the captain could make nothing of his expression.

"Why, yes, with all my heart," returned the captain. "Jacobuses, certainly," and the two men settled to the game, the clergyman conning his play with the most arduous attention, often clutching his jaw and pausing to consider, and the captain, with scarcely a glance at his hand, nonchalantly tossing his cards on the table.

They played without exchanging a word. At intervals a smoldering log broke and fell upon the hearth, disengaging a shower of sparks, the old clergyman snored in the chimney corner, and the night wind rustled in the trees outside. At first the game went evenly, but as the night wore on a little heap of gold began to accumulate at the elbow of the bald young man in a manner to the captain quite unaccountable. The doubt in his mind grew and pricked him. He began to watch the other narrowly and presently detected a piece of very deft manipulation. The highwayman said nothing, but twisting his mustache looked the other full in the eyes. The cheat blinked, went very white and glanced swiftly round at the sleeper, who continued to snore placidly, but the captain, at the moment of choosing a card and without turning his head, saw the old man's eyes open wide and shoot an answering look of meaning at his son. The incident passed so quickly that to an onlooker the pause in the game would have been barely noticeable. Captain Jacobus, under cover of the table, unsheathed a short dirk and laid it naked on his knee.

Soon the pile of goldpieces began to dwindle and change sides upon the table, when suddenly, as the bald young man laid down a card, the captain, with an oath, drove his dagger through the back of his opponent's hand deep into the oak.

"Not again, my cully," he cried.

The man screamed and fell back in a swoon, and at the sound the other parson leaped to his feet with a cry, whipping a great horse pistol from his pocket, but the captain was too quick for him. Before he could bring the ponderous engine to bear the highwayman had caught his wrist with one hand and thrust the muzzle of a pistol into his face with the other. The clergyman's weapon exploded harmlessly, the bullet striking the ceiling.

"Now," said Captain Jacobus, releasing him, "it's my turn. Obey orders!" he thundered. "Hand up those saddles!"

The old man, with shaking fingers and a very wry face, heaved up the baggage and dumped it on the table, where the litter of cards was afloat in widening pools of blood.

"Empty out the saddlebags! Give me but the shadow of disobedience, and I'll put a bullet in you! What's here? Now, what are a couple of rascal parsons doing with a fortune of gold? Won it at the cards, I suppose! And what kind of gear is this for a clergyman?"

For among a miscellany of personal effects were two bulky leathern bags full to the throat with broad pieces, a great jeweled watch and a handful of ladies' rings and trinkets. The sham clergyman, biting his fingers and looking haggardly at the spoil, stood in a sullen silence. At the other end of the board the bald young man was moaning and writhing in his chair, his hand pinned fast. The captain, vigilant as a bird, but thoroughly at his ease and enjoying himself hugely, leaned against the paneling eying the pair by turns.

"Come," he said, "speak up, parson. Make a clean confession, my evangelist! You may tie up your little boy, if you care to, while you talk."

The old man cast a venomous glance of contempt upon his abject offspring. "Serve him right!" he broke out savagely. "The clumsy fool!"

"I begin to perceive you are something of a precisian," remarked the captain. "Let me make your son's excuses. To get the better of Captain Jacobus is a highly temerious enterprise for a young man, though I say it. But I must ask you to take my dagger out of him and to clean it. I thank you. Now, add your purse to the blunt and pack it all carefully up again. It's time for me to go, as the song says."

"Come," returned the other roughly, "let's talk sense, captain. The crop was fairly nimmed on the road, as you might have done yourself. You can't mean to whiddle your fellows?"

"On the road? You surprise me! And yet I had some kind of an inkling that it wasn't entirely parson beneath those beautiful black clothes, too," said the captain genially.

"Why, of bourse, gentlemen of the road, like yourself," said the old man, brightening somewhat at the friendliness of the other's tone. "But parsons we've been for the last six months, just to implant a little confidence."

"And how did it all come about?" inquired Captain Jacobus.

"Parsons we were for six months," repeated the impostor, "in Kingsclere yonder." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Did you never try the lay, captain? You have to live mighty strict while it lasts, but it's a good lay—a good lay!" The speaker smiled sourly at the recollection. "Highly respected by rich and poor. There was nothing good enough for such a brace of saints as Johnny and me. Fat collections every Sabbath, and the poultry and butter and cheeses—why, we lived like a couple of kings, except for the liquor. Your parson must be cruel sparing of the bene bowse. That was where the shoe pinched. But at last our chance came along, for a girl of the place was going to be married to some bloated cit in Winchester. Her men folk were out o' the way, and who so fit to escort her and her mother—and her dowry—as the two tall parsons? So, one on each side, all for fear of you, captain, we jogged along till nightfall. And here we are, and I offering you a third of the swag, and what could be fairer?"

Captain Jacobus stood erect and cleared his throat. The highwayman loved a striking situation, like an actor, and delighted much more in the series of histrionic opportunities continually presented by the incidents of his profession than in the profits it afforded him. If need should so require, he would even sacrifice all plunder for the sake of sheer effect. Thus the difficulty was to preserve dramatic propriety with a minimum loss out of pocket, and in its solution lay the very marrow of the enterprise. For the first time that night the captain saw his way clearly to a satisfactory achievement. The taxing of two Presbyterian ministers had at first appeared to him merely as a duty, necessary, but dull, to the discharge of which a little novelty might be imparted by the use of the cards. It was an agreeable shock to him to discover that he was dealing with scoundrels, and that the occasion would require all his quickness and resource to save him from being hoist with his own petard. Having accomplished this so far and succeeded in inducing the elder rascal to condemn himself out of his own mouth, the psychological moment had arrived for an appropriate closing scene.

"You dogs of Egypt!" began Captain Jacobus in a voice that made the glasses ring, "would you make terms with me? By the heavens, you blaspheme! You shall strip yourself of every doit! 'Tis you and your like bring disgrace upon the names of the king's gentlemen. Are we to keep the road with curs like you snapping at our heels? What! You would decoy two poor ladies upon the king's highway and drag the very rings from their fingers. You would poach on the manor of Captain Jacobus, take possession of his inn, sharp him at the cards and shoot him through the head afterward, if he hadn't been a match for the hulking pair of you rum clapper dogeons! All that you would do, and when he gets upsides with you you have the devil's own bravado to inform him of it to his face and to offer him a share! A share! To me!" and the orator interpolated some highly stimulating oaths. "A share! You shall see now! Empty your pockets on the table. Take off that ring—off with it—that, or the finger. Search the other rascal. Now, strip, the pair of you. Quick about it! Am I to dance attendance upon you while you make a toilet? Put the clothes on the fire. So!"

The two men, constrained by the brace of grinning pistol muzzles, stripped to their shirts and obeyed in silence. The face of the elder was flushed to a dusky red. His eyes shone in his head. A trickle of blood from his bitten lip streaked his white beard, and the younger tottered to and fro with a dead white face, hugging his wounded hand.

"Now," said Captain Jacobus, "you shall lead my horse for me, by thunder!"

Keeping his eye upon the two, he moved to the door, opened it and whistled. Instantly there was a clatter of hoofs, and his black mare came trotting round the corner and trampled into the room. The captain stood by the horse's head, eating the shivering wretches like dogs while they strapped on the baggage, and when they had done he led the animal into the road.

"Hold my stirrup, Gideon!" said the captain to the hapless Johnny and including them both in a final exhortation. "The landlord takes your nags for the reckoning. But if ever I meet you out on the pad I'll shoot you down like vermin, so sure as my name is Captain Jacobus. Stand clear!"

And with a bound he was gone, leaving the two half clad rascals a prey to the humiliation of impotent fury and the most deadly discomfiture of body amid the scene of the dismalest disorder, the last sparks of their clothes flying up the chimney in the icy draft, and the gray light of the winter's dawn paling the candles.

It is upon record that Captain Jacobus took it upon himself to restore all the trinkets, and, according to his rule in such cases, one-half the money to the rightful owners thereof, and that the other half went into the bottomless pocket of King Charles II, then living very privately in the city of Cologne.—L. Cope Cornford in Pall Mall Budget.

Mackay's Trick.

Millionaire Mackay tells a story of a contest he had with one of his foremen. The foreman was something of a naturalist and trained one of the enormous grasshoppers of the west, as Mark Twain trained his frog, until he could jump about ten feet. Then he interested Mr. Mackay in the insect. Mr. Mackay went out and caught some hoppers and backed them against the record breaker, with the result that he was beaten every time. Then he became determined to win and sent several of the hands out to hunt for the strongest jumpers they could find. But all to no purpose until one day he discovered a wet spot on the table near where the foreman's hopper had sat. Investigating the matter, he found that the spot was very strong ammonia, that the foreman had a vial of ammonia with a dropper in his sleeve, and that a drop of the ammonia made a grasshopper jump hard enough to beat the record every time. So Mr. Mackay provided himself with a dropper and then went to another battle. The same morning he managed to get hold of the foreman's dropper, emptied it and filled it with chloroform, instead of ammonia, and then kept the foreman with him until the last minute. The grasshoppers were brought forth, and Mr. Mackay's flew through space, while the foreman's only heaved and heaved, finally rolling over and going to sleep. It was not until the third contest that the foreman found out the trick.

Two Funerals.

That is a touching story told of the funeral of Sir Walter Scott: The road by which the procession took its way wound over a hill, whence can be seen one of the most beautiful of landscapes. It was his habit to pause there to gaze upon the scene, and when taking a friend out to drive he never failed to stop there and call the attention of his companion to the most beautiful points of the view. Few could refrain from tears when, carrying their master on his last journey, the horses stopped at the old familiar spot, as it were, for him to give a last look at the scene he had loved so well.

Extremes meet. I told this anecdote of Scott's funeral to a friend, who, in turn, told me a story. A little less than a century ago there lived in a certain New England village a graceless fellow who spent most of his time at the grogshop, to the neglect of all honest callings. When the summons had at last come for him

To join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade,

as his funeral procession, on its way to the place of burial, passed his favorite haunt the bearers inadvertently turned a little aside, at the same time slackening their pace. The wag of the neighborhood spoke hastily: "Go on, go on!" said he. "Don't stop here, for mercy's sake! He'll be sure to go in!"—Journal of American Folklore.

The Reign of Peace.

Beasts, I am inclined to think, are still, more or less, in the state of paradise and peace. I have been lately honored by the acquaintance of a cat which lives on friendly and playful terms with a mouse, not a tame pet mouse. They frolic together, and then the mouse returns to its hole. Again, a friend of mine who had several dogs, two young dandies and an old Skye, lately went out to the edge of a wood near his house where he saw his dogs playing with a fox.

They sported together playfully till the old Skye got wind of the fox and then "went for him" with a yowl, whereupon the poor fox fled. The young dogs seemed to cherish no unfriendly feelings till the veteran set a bad example. Dogs and cats are not natural enemies. It is we who have corrupted them, and "a cat and dog life" is, even still, often of good example to married people.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

Large Lamp Shades on the Wane.

The mania for exaggerated lamp shades seems to be on the wane. The newest lamps show fine globes made to harmonize with the foundation, and dealers report a revived sale of tinted porcelain shades. The silk, however, is yet made into frills and furbelows that suggest nothing short of ball gowns refurnished to serve a new end, but the tulle that is made to copy a ballet dancer's skirts and the paper monstrosities are both ugly and dangerous. The only wonder in regard to them is that the insurance companies have not been aroused, and that a reform campaign has not been organized before this.—Boston Traveller.

ORCHESTRA ODDITIES

CURIOUS INSTRUMENTS USED TO ADD REALISM TO MUSIC.

The Drummer Has a Whole Raft of Machines and Traps to Care For—Imitations of Animal and Other Sounds, and How Some of Them Are Accomplished.

It would be an odd thing if in these days of realism an orchestra could not keep up with the times in the production of realistic effects. The peal of tubular bells, once heard with so much wonderment, is now too familiar to create surprise, and equally well known is the anvil, the old friend met with so often in "Il Trovatore" and many other popular opera and musical selections.

Nowadays many theater orchestras possess quite a number of instruments whose names are probably unknown to 99 out of every 100 members of the audience. In many theaters the musician who plays the drums also manipulates from 5 to 20 other instruments, most of which would be unrecognized by any other than the professional. Some of them are used for representing noises made by human beings; others are employed for reproducing the "language of animals" and of nature. Played or operated upon by an expert, the result is often very successful.

A noted inventor of these adjuncts of the orchestra has made a remarkable instrument from which may be produced the "puff puff" of a locomotive. The contrivance from which this effect is obtained consists of a semicylinder of sheet iron about a yard in length. Two wooden handles, in each of which are set at different angles a dozen or more tempered steel wires somewhat resembling a dismantled umbrella, are used to make the peculiar noise of the engine puffing. Holding one of these sets in the hand, the musician strikes the sheet of iron with each alternately, slowly at first and increasing in speed as the train is supposed to get under headway.

Then the train comes to a stop, when is heard the peculiar sound of the air-brakes and the escaping air. This effect is produced simply by using a couple of slender brass tubes soldered together, with piston, blowing into them at one end and slowly pulling out the piston.

If you want the roar of lions, there is a musical instrument ready for you to produce the roar. It is a large trumpet shaped instrument of sheet iron, in the large end of which, near the opening, are set two vibration tongues of tin. It is played upon with a trombone mouthpiece.

One of the most curious musical instruments is that used to represent the "swish swish" of a boat's screw as it whirls through the water. This is really a musical machine. It is an ordinary cheesebox fitted to an axis, on which it revolves, and the cylindrical part is made of calfskin. The ends are perforated so as to allow the sounds to escape in proper volume. Pegs project inward from the ends, and a bandle and a quart or two of dried peas complete the outfit. When the box is revolved, the peas strike against the pegs and roll along the dried calfskin hides.

The revolutions are slow and irregular at first and then more rapid and steadier. Then you get the "swish swish" of the screw.

A cock crow is a very easy noise to reproduce. The instrument used is simply a wooden tube with a reed inside, the tube being inserted into the side of a tin cup. A "child's cry" is easily produced by taking out the wooden tube already referred to and blowing it, holding one end between your closed hands to give the different tones. A "town clock," which produces a good imitation of a bell striking the hour, is a large iron cylinder about 5 feet long and 6 inches in diameter, the stroke being made with a smaller pipe covered with cloth. One musician has an excellent instrument which produces the "siren" note of the steamboat. The noise is made upon three reeds, which are similar in shape to an organ pipe. These are connected with one mouthpiece and give three tones simultaneously.

The same musician has a curious instrument which he calls a "snoring machine." It is an oblong box, hollow, with a reed inside, and requires a pair of lusty lungs to operate it, as it takes considerable air pressure. The "gallop of a horse" is sometimes rendered by cocoanut shells cut in halves and struck upon a stone block. Another device to reproduce the same effect is made of wooden blocks hewed into the shape of a horse's hoof, with real horseshoes attached and hollowed out inside the shoe. It is played by striking the shoes on a slab of stone.

To imitate a clog dance "clog mallets" are used. They are small wooden mallets, with one end of the head hollowed, and "jingles" set inside the hollow spaces. A "cuckoo" is a small reed-like instrument, with one key to change the note and a sliding piston to altar the pitch as desired. A fine imitation of the bagpipes is given on a solid brass horn, with tapering bore and finger holes similar to those of flageolet. It is played upon with an oboe mouthpiece.

As an example of the many instruments required in an orchestra it may be interesting to reproduce a list of those played upon by the drummer is a well known American orchestra. They include the various styles of xylophones, drawing room bells, orchestra bells, carillons, "baby cry," "bobwhite," cocoanuts to imitate the galloping of horses, clog mallets, canary whistles, cuckoos, crickets, "duck's quack," hen cackle, hand clogs, sand boards to imitate jig dancing, "joy bird," "locust," "frog," "mocking bird," "popgun," "robbin," "cocks," the "waldteufil" or "wood devil," making a weird, whirring noise; "slapsticks," to produce the sound of the cracking of a whip; hand bells, etc., in addition to the customary drums and cymbals usually played by this humble but by no means unimportant member of the orchestra.—Exchange.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

The Book Agent Sadly Discovered That He Had Tackled the Wrong Man.

A young man, with a large book under his arm and a 7 by 9 smile on his mug, stuck his head into the ticket window at the Union depot and asked the clerk what the fare was to San Antonio.

"Ten dollars and fifteen cents," replied the ticket slinger.

"I am pining to leave Galveston, but I lack just $10 of the ticket money. However, that shan't part us. I'll make a partial cash payment of 15 cents and take the rest out in trade."

"What do you mean by taking it out in trade?"

"I am a book agent, and if you will let me have the ticket I won't try to sell you a book. I won't say book to you once. This is the most liberal and advantageous offer ever made to the public, and you ought to take advantage of it. I have been known to talk a man so completely out of his senses in 15 minutes that he wasn't even fit to send to the legislature afterward."

"What book have you got?" asked the ticket agent.

A beaming smile came over the book agent's face, and in a singsong voice he began:

"I am offering, in 17 volumes, 'Dr. Whiffletree's Observations In Palestine,' a book that should be in every family, a book that comprises the views of the intelligent doctor on what he saw in the Holy Land, with numerous speculations and theories on what he did not see, altogether forming a complete library of deep research, pure theology and chaste imagery. I am now offering this invaluable encyclopedia for the unprecedented low price of $2 a volume, which is really giving it away for nothing."

After the book agent had kept this up for about ten minutes he began to grow discouraged. Instead of showing signs of weakening, the ticket agent, with an ecstatic smile on his face, begged the eloquent man to keep on.

The book agent stopped to rest his jaw, when the ticket man reached out his hand and said:

"Shake, ole fel! Come inside and take chair and sing that all over again. That cheers me up like a cocktail. I used to be a book agent myself before I reformed and went into the railroad business, and that is like music to me. It soothes me all over. It calls back hallowed memories of the past and makes me want to go out on the road again. I would rather pay $20 than have you leave Galveston. You must come around every day. I could listen to that all day and cry for more."

The book agent shut his book and said:

"Some infernal hyena has given me away, but there is another railroad that I can get out of this one horse town on. I'll not consent to travel on any road that doesn't employ gentlemen who can treat a cash customer with common politeness. You can't capture my book on any terms, and if you will come out of your cage I'll punch your head in less time than you can punch a ticket." And he passed out like a beautiful dream.—Galveston News.

Peat as Fuel.

In Denmark, where there is no great supply of peat, it is chiefly used by the peasants as fuel or as bedding in the dairy farms. In Sweden, on the contrary, there are bogs extending for hundreds of square miles, and of late years over 600,000 acres of the moorland have been brought under the plow. The peat is prepared as fuel and largely consumed in making iron, glass or brick, either alone or mixed with coal and fir cones. In southern Sweden there are factories solely engaged in manufacturing peat fuel for sale, as its use is steadily increasing, and some 30,000 tons a year are employed in metallurgical operations.

In southern and central Sweden there are some 20 factories for preparing peat litter and mold, each factory turning out from 15,000 to 30,000 bales a year, fetching about 2 shillings apiece. The mold is used for gardening in Sweden, while stuffing for mattresses or furniture, and surgical bandages are made from the white moss of the moors. In France the peat is molded into "briquettes" with tar and rosin, teased into litter or woven into fabrics, which are used in the army, its barracks and hospitals as blankets, mattresses and saddle cloths, or for stuffing coffer dams and certain parts of machinery.—Nineteenth Century.

Is Diamond Dust a Poison?

Attention has been drawn lately to the statement in an official work issued by the government of India that "diamond dust is known to be a powerful mechanical poison." This is objected to with an emphasis that should prevent the waste of diamonds hereafter by persons desirous of removing their enemies. Mohammedans in the far east still entertain the belief strongly, but it is said that investigators have never met anybody who, from his own knowledge, could describe the visible effects of administered diamond dust. It may be remembered that the great trial in India of the Gaikwar case brought out the statement of the commissioners who heard the evidence that the dust had no injurious effect on the human body. Here, then, is another superstition exploded, although it still lurks even in official documents.

Target Practice In Texas.

"We have 15,010 mutilated and worn silver dollars in our vault," said a subtreasury official. "We also have over 500,000 half dollar, quarter and dime pieces, which have become too thin for use. It is a curious thing that the mutilated dollars which we receive from Texas are deeply indented. This is a result of the target practice in Texas. The crack shots down there think that a silver dollar is the best kind of a mark. Do we give a good dollar for a mutilated one? That depends upon the extent of the mutilation. We have a discretionary power in this respect."—Exchange.

A LITTLE THING.

Such a little thing hides the sun, sweetheart,
Such a little thing hides the sun,
A sudden cloud or a wall of mist,
And we moan "The day is done!"
Such a little thing hides the sun, sweetheart,
The top of waving tree,
A summer shower, of the sunshine born,
A mist that dips in the sea.

Such a little thing hides the sun, sweetheart,
But isn't it joy to know
That the sun still shines behind the clouds;
That the soft, warm winds will blow
Till the wall of mist shall be blown aside
And the shadows flee away,
And the sun behind the western hills
Gives pledge of a brighter day!
—Florence A. Jones in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

KID GLOVES.

Interesting Facts About the Skins Which Cover or Adorn the Hands.

Barefooted boys and hens form a curious partnership in the making of a pair of fine gloves.

They work together in preparing the skins for the hands of the fashionable woman who rushes to the stores every time a new shade of glove is announced.

Thousands of dozens of hens' eggs are used in curing the hides, and thousands of boys are employed to work the skins in clear water by treading on them for several hours.

When a woman buys a pair of gloves, she speaks of her purchase as "kids." If the clerk who sold her the "kid" gloves knew the secrets of the glove-making business, he might surprise his fair customer by telling her that those beautiful, soft, smooth fitting "kid" gloves came from the shoulders and belly of a 3-weeks-old colt whose neck was slit on the plains of Russia, and whose tender hide was shipped with huge bundles of other colts' hides to France, where they were made up into "kid" gloves, or he might with equal regard to the truth tell her that those gloves in the other compartment once darted from tree to tree in South America on the back of a ring tailed monkey. And if he made the rounds of the store and could distinguish one skin from another he could point out "kid" gloves made from the skins of kangaroos from Australia; lambs or sheep from Ohio or Spain or England; calves from India, muskrats from anywhere, musk oxen from China and other parts of Asia; rats, cats and Newfoundland puppies.

But the little Russian colt, the four footed baby from the plains where the Cossacks live, the colt from the steppes of Siberia, where horses are raised by the thousand, supply the skins which are the favorites at present with the glovemakers. Experts say that the colt-skin makes a better, stronger, finer glove than real kidskin, and as the colt is a little fellow only 3 weeks old when he is killed but a small amount of skin can be made into gloves, so that the price is about as high.

But, after all, the real kid, the lively infant of the goats which live in France, Switzerland, Spain and Italy, furnishes the best, finest and most expensive gloves, and nearly 10,000,000 kids are sacrificed every year in order that women and men may cramp their hands in wrinkleless, delicate hued gloves.—Chicago Record.

Klotschiessen—What Is It?

Under the title of "A Game We Might Play," the Marquis of Lorne in Good Words puts in a plea for an open air winter pastime in the low countries of northern Europe which has for centuries enjoyed a sort of national reputation. It is a rough sort of golf, played without clubs or holes, is inexpensive and can be played by two single opponents or with two on a side. The article contains a very picturesque description of a match between two villages in Friesland, at which the writer was present, and conveys a striking impression of the popularity of the game and of the spirited emulation which it awakens. It is pointed out that in England there are many districts, especially in the east of the island, which are peculiarly well adapted to the game, there being in these parts much flat land where winter makes the ground hard. Wherever these conditions exist, there, we are told, the "klotschiessen," or "clotshot" game can be played with advantage.—London News.

Dabster Misunderstood.

Figg—What kind of a writer is Dabster? Is he possessed of descriptive powers?

Fogg—Unfortunately, yes.

Figg—Unfortunately?

Fogg—Yes. In his recent sketch of a western girl he spoke of her commercial traveler manner and her generous understanding. The Chicago people allowed that the "commercial traveler manner" was a compliment of which anybody except in the effete east might well be proud, but they suspected that the other characterization was a cheap fling at the size of women's shoes, and after that his writings were a drug in the western market—Boston Transcript.

Wholesale Elopement.

At Delnicze, near Flume, on the Adriatic, 26 girls were carried off on horseback in one night recently by lovers to whom their parents had refused to give them. It is not uncommon for Croatian girls to force consent to their marriage by an elopement, but an organized raid like this is unprecedented and has made a sensation even in Croatia.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Doubt About It.

Jack—Great crush at the De Myllions' ball last night.

Augustus (who had proposed there to Miss de Myllions and been rejected)—A tremendous crush.—New York Times.

He who unintelligently attempts what is beyond his power must leave undone his own proper work, and thus his time is wasted, be he ever so closely occupied.

Lake Huron was named from the Hurons, an Indian tribe on its shores.

Certain parts of the hippopotamus' hide attain a thickness of two inches.

BIG WARS CAUSED BY TRIFLES.

A Shaven Chin Cost France Three Million Lives—Modena's Bucket.

Many times it has happened that a great and costly war has been brought about by an incident trivial and even ridiculous.

Thus the war of the Spanish succession is said to have been caused through a glass of water. A lady, Mrs. Masham, was carrying a glass of water when she was obstructed by the Marquis de Torey. A slight scuffle ensued, and the water was spilled.

The marquis thereat took offense, and bad feeling ensued between the English and French courts, with the ultimate result that a war was declared.

The campaign cost France many severe battles—viz, Blenheim, 1704; Ramillies, 1707; Audenarde, 1708, and Malplaquet, 1709.

Quite as absurd in its origin was the war that took place during the commonwealth of Modena.

A soldier stole a bucket from a public well belonging to the state of Bologna. Although the value of the article did not exceed a quarter, its annexation was the signal for a fierce and prolonged war.

Henry, the king of Sardinia, assisted the Modenese to retain the bucket, and in one of the subsequent battles he was made a prisoner. The bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena.

A third instance of a war resulting from a trifling cause was that between Louis VII of France and Henry II of England.

The archbishop of Rouen decreed that no one should wear long hair upon their heads or chins. Louis submitted to the decree, whereupon his wife, Eleanor, rallied him upon his appearance. A quarrel ensued, which resulted in the dissolution of the marriage and Eleanor's marriage with Henry.

By this marriage the broad domains in Normandy formerly belonging to Louis passed into the possession of Henry. Louis, hotly incensed, made an attack on Normandy, and henceforth, for nearly 300 years, arose those bloody and devastating wars which cost France upward of 3,000,000 of lives.—London Answers.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

The Great Papal Statesman as He Appeared to a Painter.

Rudolph Lehmann's visit to Rome in 1857 led to the painter's introduction to the great papal statesman, Cardinal Antonelli. He says:

Before me sat that execrated statesman, "the best hated man in Rome," in the most affable of moods. His bronzed and somewhat oriental features were certainly far from handsome, but they were full of character, energy, and, according to some, cruelty, with the large, dark, piercing eyes overshadowed by a heavy brow, the strong aquiline nose and the full sensual lips. He was in a talkative mood and spoke freely of the difficulties that beset his onerous ministry, of the position of the papacy becoming daily more threatened through the ever increasing energy of its wicked enemies, or what he called "the modern spirits." "But," he added, "history teaches us that it has always triumphed in the long run, and it will do so now." He also told me that the worldly interests of the brothers Antonelli had never been separated; that they possessed all their worldly goods in common, one brother being director of the Banca Romana; one, the Conte Gregorio, taking care of their vast possessions in the Pontine marshes, a third being syndaco of Rome and the youngest being employed in diplomatic missions by the secretary of state.

During a short rest he showed me, with evident pride, over his elegant apartment, furnished with all the latest modern comforts. But the crowning climax was the bedroom, combining with the solemnity and mystery of the abode of a prince of the church all the luxuries of the boudoir of a petite maitresse. The walls, the curtains, as well as the hangings round the spacious four poster, were of the heaviest crimson damask, looped up with enormous tassels.—Boston Herald.

The Beauties of the Alleghanies.

The Alleghanies are fertile to the very summits, and not the least of their glories are their magnificent forests of oak, hickory, chestnut, maple, pine and other noble trees, in the spring when they are budding forth, in the summer when they are in the full bloom of maturity and when the laurel is in blossom, and in the fall, when the brilliant tints of red and gold and green and purple overwhelm one with a sense of Mother Nature's esthetic genius in always harmonizing such a profusion of colors.

After all, it is the thoroughly satisfactory sport to be had with the game sheltered in these mountains that most endears them to the man who has any taste whatever for that sort of thing. The conditions are perfect. The game ranges from quail, or, as the Virginians call it, partridge, to deer and bear, and especially this is one of the last strongholds of that noble game bird, the wild turkey.—Magazine of Travel.

The Nonprofessional Profile Head.

"I don know how many times I have seen people—I don't mean artists, but all sorts of people, including children—draw profile heads. It is common enough for anybody to draw them on a slate, a scrap of paper, anywhere," said Mr. Billtops, "but I don't remember ever to have seen any of them draw a right handed profile—I mean one facing to the right. I suppose there is some very simple reason for this, but I am acquainted only with the fact."—New York Sun.

A Bad Break.

"You brought all that beautiful china back with you!" exclaimed the caller. "Didn't you break anything?"

"Nothing but the customs laws," replied the young lady, who had just returned from Europe.—Washington Star.

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Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5020 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

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Div 14—Henry Boyle, Pres, 2956 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

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Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

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Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5437 Lake av; Barley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5539 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

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Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 581 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 97 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 469 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Lafayette Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J F Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 21 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 625 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael C Dalton, 3906 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5312 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5300 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Tressen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2090 Joseph st; R S, T F Praite, 2833 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 269 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller [illegible]

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 382 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

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No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

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HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
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MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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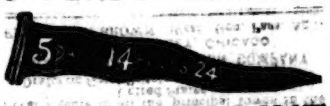

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